

THE

DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS

IN ENGLAND.

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THE
DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS
^KIN ENGLAND;

BEING

A CONTINUATION OF
LE DIABLE BOITEUX

OF

LE SAGE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

Haud passibus equis.—VIRGIL.

VOL. I.

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WITH UPON TWO STICKS

IN THE

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A COLLECTION OF

DIABLO BOUTEUX



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1861

P R E F A C E.

I HAVE not only adopted the machinery of *Le Sage*, to represent the manners of the present times, but have also taken the liberty to make this work a *regular Continuation* of the *Diable Boiteux* of that admirable writer.

It has been my intention to paint, as he has done, though with a far inferior pencil, after living nature; and to give my pictures the advantage of a just resemblance, rather
than

than the attractive colourings of imagination. The manner in which this work is executed, must be left to the candour of those who may honour it with their attention:—I can only observe in its favour, that every character and circumstance delineated or described in it, is taken from the persons and events of the *present period*.

I have sometimes, indeed, represented a complete virtue, vice, or foible, as existing in one mind, which has been selected from its operations on various congenial characters.—The history of the Universal Spy, in the first volume, is an example:

It

P R E F A C E. vii

It is not, indeed, to be supposed for a moment, that the numerous eccentricities there attributed to him, were ever to be found in one man; but I will venture to assert, that there is not a single act related of his life, which has not been, in some way, or other, performed by persons of his peculiar cast of character.

I shall only add, that, if the public should condescend to be pleased with these volumes, there are three or four more at their service.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE AUTHOR.

DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

CHAP. I.

The Means which DON CLEOFAS LEANDRO PEREZ ZAMBULLO, employed to release the DEVIL upon TWO STICKS from the Power of the MAGICIAN, and the Cause of their Journey to ENGLAND.

WHEN the ceremonies and public festivity attendant upon the marriage of Don Cleofas with his Seraphina were concluded, and the enchanted Bridegroom began to recover a little from the delirium of happiness,—the probable situation of his friend Asmodeus, to whom he owed it all, pressed home upon his thoughts. “If,” said he, “the Devil upon

Two Sticks were at liberty, I should most certainly have seen him : I am afraid, therefore, that he languishes under the cruel power of the Magician, who may at this moment be loading him with added tortures, for that temporary escape to which I am so infinitely indebted. It must not be," continued Cleofas; "I will go myself to the enchanter, and if my entreaties should not soften him, my gold, perhaps, may bribe him ; but, if both these means should fail, the power and influence I now possess, may give such force to my menaces as to frighten him into compliance. I am now become related to more than one of those who are in the direction of the Holy Office, and their power, if necessary, shall be called forth to assist me. It is against the interest of the Inquisition that such a devil should be in confinement." Indeed, so intent was he upon the execution of this business, that the charming and fond Seraphina was, for a short time, forgotten, in his anxious impatience to complete it.

With

With no common solicitude did he wait for the approach of night, when he stole unobserved from his hotel, and gained admittance to the Magician; who, having heard the history of Don Cleofas, and the object of his errand, discovered no small degree of alarm and confusion. "I have for some time apprehended," said he, "the bursting of a storm upon me, but could not discover from whom, or from what quarter it was to come:—the moment then approaches that I am to encounter the full force of it, and to experience the fruits of my folly, in trusting to the foolish imagination, that the Devil will not, at last, prove too many for the most cunning among us, although we have him corked up in a bottle." "Be not afraid, Signior Magician," said Don Cleofas, "of me, or the power which I may possess to hurt you.—I only ask the deliverance of the Devil upon Two Sticks; and that request being granted, you may proceed in forming your spells, and framing your talismans unhurt, and unin-

terraptured by me." The old man, heaving a deep sigh, immediately quitted the chamber, and returned in a few minutes, accompanied by Asmodeus; who, having embraced his deliverer, they both took leave of the reluctant Astrologer, and found themselves, after a few moments flight, in the cabinet of Don Cleofas. "Well," cried he, in a tone of no common triumph, "Asmodeus will at least acknowledge, that I am not ungrateful." "I will acknowledge it, my Lord," replied the Demon, "from my very soul; nor shall you have occasion; throughout your life, to suppose that a devil cannot equal mankind in gratitude.—You have preserved me from what, I believe, would have been a long, as I know it to have been a most cruel imprisonment; but that history shall be reserved for another opportunity.—As I shall see occasion to do you service; or afford you amusement, you may depend upon being visited by me; but, at present, I will not detain you from the impatient beauty,

who is murmuring forth her tender reproaches for your delay.—Though it is my interest, as it is my duty, to increase the dominion of Hell, I owe you too much, to keep you a moment from Heaven.” The Devil upon Two Sticks immediately vanished, and Don Cleofas hastened to possess that Heaven in the arms of the enamoured Seraphina.

Such a state of happiness as was experienced by Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo, for the course of nine years, has been the lot of very few. The possession of beauty, wealth, honours, public respect and private esteem—nor shall I omit the occasional visits of the Devil upon Two Sticks—was more than sufficient to render him the happiest of mankind. But humanity had its claims upon him, and they must be satisfied. This brilliant scene, at length, drew near its period; and the sudden illness of his father-in-law,

Don Pedro de Escolano, threw the first cloud over it.

The two principal physicians of Madrid being gone ten leagues from thence, to attend a rich Abbot, who was seized with a violent fit of the cholic, and Don Pedro's attack appearing to demand immediate assistance, a young doctor of the neighbourhood was sent for, who comforted the afflicted family with an assurance, that the noble patient was in no immediate danger; and that he had every reasonable hope of restoring him, in the course of a few days, to health and to them.

Indeed, Don Pedro was so much recovered the morning after his attack, as to sit up in his bed and converse with those around him. At this period, the two physicians already mentioned, arrived from the country, who, on examining the patient, treated the favourable prognostications of the young doctor with hesitation, and

and prescribed their remedies. In the evening the poor old Lord grew worse: the physicians attended, and again prescribed. In the morning the disorder increased, and two other learned brethren of the faculty were called in, to consult on the dangerous crisis: they unfortunately prescribed also; and in three days, Don Pedro de Escolano was no more.

Seraphina mourned the loss of a tender and affectionate parent with an extreme affliction, that neither the warm representations of her friends, nor the most anxious attentions of the husband she adored, could diminish. The violence of her grief, with the fatigue she had undergone in an unremitted attendance upon her father, brought on a violent fever, and a very advanced state of pregnancy tended to increase the dangerous symptoms of her disorder. The same physicians who had been so unsuccessful with the father, were not more fortunate in prescribing remedies

for the daughter; and at the end of five days, during the three last of which she was delirious, the charming Seraphina for ever left her much loved Don Cleofas, in a state of distraction little inferior to that from which she had been just delivered.

So deeply was he afflicted for the loss he had sustained, that it was some time before he paid any attention whatever to the objects around him, or even noticed, with any particular regard, the four lovely pledges that Seraphina had left him. At length however he began to recover from the violence of his grief, and to attend, in some degree, to the arrangement of his affairs, the prattle of his children, and the kindness of his friends.

Among the number of those who pressed their consolations upon him at this period, he received a visit from the Devil upon two Sticks.—“ Ah, my friend,” exclaimed Don Cleofas, on seeing him, “ to what distant corner of the world have your infernal

nal errands carried you, that you have been absent from me at a season when I was in such extreme want of your assistance—When I saw you last, I was the happiest of mortals—I am now, alas! the most miserable of human beings:—the adorable Seraphina is taken from me—and I am desolate.”—Here he burst into a flood of tears, and the compassionate Demon, when they had, in some degree, subsided, addressed him in the following manner:

“It is necessary for me, I find,” said the Demon, “to assure you, once again, that my power has its limits. I could neither save your father, nor your wife, from their fate. I was not, believe me, inattentive to their danger or your sorrow. It was your faithful friend who sent the young physician to the assistance of Don Pedro de Escolano; and if no other had visited them, neither he nor Seraphina would have been so soon in their graves. He is a young man

not sufficiently practised in the tricks, nor so perverted by the prejudices of his trade, as to be proud of displaying his ignorance; nor is he become so hard-hearted as to be careless of its consequences: fearing, therefore, to rely on his skill, he left the business to nature, which was all that nature wanted. The other physicians, trusting wholly to their sage prescriptions, and leaving nothing to silly nature, soon put an end to their patient. Seraphina's disorder," continued he, "was incurable from the beginning. All the skill of medicine, though Hippocrates himself had risen from the dead to exert it, would have been in vain. That Power, my friend, which gives life and death, has brought matters to their present bearing. You will do well, therefore, to submit with patience, and be thankful rather for the good you have received, than be angry at the misfortune that has overtaken you. For who, my noble Sir, has known so much happiness as has been crowded into the nine last years of your life? It is one bright spot, on

which I can scarcely see a speck of infelicity. It is not for me to mention religion; but, surely, you do not consult your reason when you deplore, with so much violence, that you are not destined to bask in eternal sunshine. Let me conjure you to receive consolation; cherish the memory of that excellence you have lost; live a widower to it through the rest of your days; be yourself a pattern to her sons; and live to tell her daughters what their mother was, and what they ought to be. The *Seraphinas* which you possess, must console you for the one of which you are bereaved. You must be sensible, Don Cleofas, (continued the Devil upon Two Sticks,) how sincere and ardent my gratitude is for the services you have rendered me, when I counsel you to act in a manner so contrary to the tenor of my infernal commission. Were I to do my duty, and did I act towards you as I have ever acted towards the rest of mankind, I should leave you to whine, weep, and be inconsolable during the first month; lure you to an extravagant

and faithless mistress in the second; and, at the end of twelve months, marry you to a coquette; who, by her arts and her excesses, would in a few years, bring you to the conclusion of your fortune, your honor, and, perhaps your life. But I shall now leave you," said Asmodeus, "to your reflections; and when I perceive that you are recovered from your present state of irresolution and despondency, I shall have a proposal to make to you, which, if it meets with your acceptance, may help to renew, in some degree, your former satisfaction, dissipate your present chagrin, and restore you to yourself." At these words the Demon disappeared, leaving Don Cleofas to revolve in his mind the counsels which had been so kindly administered to him.

He did revolve them again and again, and found himself, every successive day, more and more disposed to adopt them: till, at length, he actually became impatient to give Asmodeus a proof that his admonitions had been successful, by declar-
ing

ing a readiness to comply with his proposals, whatever they might be.

In this state of mind, as he was sitting beneath some trees on the Prado, the Devil upon Two Sticks appeared before him. "Ah, my dear friend," said Don Cleofas, embracing him with the greatest eagerness, "how I rejoice to see you! I have, many a weary day, been longing for the pleasure I now possess." "Nor does it give me less satisfaction," answered Asmodeus, "to see you restored to some sense of enjoyment, and to find that a capacity for pleasure is renewed in you. Be assured, my noble Lord, that man was not born to die of grief, especially for the loss of a wife; though if such an end could be excusable in any one, it would be so in you."

"Ah, spare me, I beseech you," cried Don Cleofas, "and let us retire to my cabinet, where we may converse without apprehension of being overheard, or interrupted." "Fear not either the one or the other

other, answered the cripple, "I will undertake to protect you from both, in the place where we are; and shall proceed to disclose the plan of which I gave some distant hints at our last meeting.

You cannot but remember," continued he, "that, the day after I had been summoned by the Magician to return to his barbarous confinement, you came to this place, and, sitting beneath these trees, apostrophised your then imprisoned friend. 'I cannot,' you exclaimed, 'too much regret the absence of my dear Asmodeus, he would in a short time have carried me all over the world, and I should have made the tour without any of the inconveniencies to which travelling is liable.' Now, to make that very tour, which you then so much regretted, is the proposal that I have to offer to you." "Then," replied Don Cleofas, "I accept it with pleasure, and am ready to accompany you wherever you shall please to conduct me." "The journey will not be an unpleasant one," answered the Demon; "and the moment
I have

have dispatched a little business I have in hand with a few virgins, who are tired of the name—a score or two of wives, who are tired of their husbands—and not a few widows, who are tired of sleeping alone, I shall be ready to attend you. In the mean time, you will arrange your affairs, and announce to your friends and family, that, to ease your desponding mind, you are determined to make a voyage to *England*, as that is the country to which we shall first direct our flight, for reasons that I may hereafter explain. Farewell, then,” said Asinodeus; “and this day fortnight I desire you will hold yourself in readiness for our departure.”

Don Cleofas did not delay to make the necessary arrangements, and on the day appointed, the Devil upon Two Sticks presented himself to his friend; when, wrapping him up in his mantle, he bid him have courage, and bore him away with a degree of swiftness that no human comparison can illustrate.

CHAP. II.

The Arrival of DON CLEOFAS LEANDRO PEREZ ZAMBULLO, and the DEVIL upon TWO STICKS, in ENGLAND.

A GENTLE slumber rendered Don Cleofas insensible to the nature or rapidity of the voyage, till suddenly awaking, he found himself at the Demon's side, on the top of a lofty column, from whence he looked down on a city, whose grandeur and extent, filled him with an astonishment that he knew not how to express.

“ At length, my friend,” said Asmodeus, “ you are arrived, and, as I trust, you will acknowledge, without interruption, accident, or inconvenience, at the metropolis of the British Empire. The city of *London* now lies beneath your view,— an object which has not its equal in the globe that you inhabit; and whether we

con-

sider the number, the wealth, the industry, the genius, or the integrity of its inhabitants, all other cities of Europe must yield the palm of superiority to that which you now behold. The English are a brave, active and generous people; their virtue indeed, weakened by wealth and luxury, has for some time been in the wane, but still the mass of it is great and solid:”—“And to lessen its greatness and solidity, interrupted Don Cleofas, with a sarcastic smile, “is, I presume, the principal object of your Worship’s present errand.” You are not wholly mistaken in your conjecture replied the Demon;—“to assist in that important business will be my sole concern, when I am not employed in your service. To tell you the truth, I am a very principal agent in a plot, which a body of my fraternity have formed for the decline of British Virtue. You well know that my particular department lies among the weaker sex, and the amorous fools of the stronger one; and it is there that the utmost efforts of my genius will

will be exerted. By employing partial means we gain but partial advantage ; but female influence being, in one way, or at one time or other, universal, if that can be enlisted on our side, the business is done without further trouble :—we have then opened the sluices, and may sit at our ease on the banks, and behold the ravages of the flood. For you may consider it, my friend, as a maxim, absolutely incontrovertible, that wherever the morals of women are loose and unrestrained, the reign of pure virtue and real honour is at an end. The females of this country have long and deservedly possessed a reputation for chastity, superior to that of any other nation of the world ; but a spirit of gallantry and intrigue has, for some time been making no inconsiderable inroads in the power of that virtue ; and, by my assistance, I trust, it will encrease and multiply : nor shall it be my fault, if it does not attain to as great an height here, as it has long done in some other nations of the Continent.” “ You will,

will, I hope," said Don Cleofas, in a tone of irony, "except that which gave me birth." "By no means," answered Asmodeus; "for, excepting here and there a Seraphina, the little virtue that is to be found among the Spanish women, if a forced unwilling chastity deserves that name, is chiefly, if not altogether indebted to the wakeful jealousy of their husbands,—the grates of iron, which surround them, and the vigilant care of a duenna;—while the British female, in the full enjoyment of liberty, preserves her virtue by that sense of duty and love of honour which reason and religion inspire. Instead of looking for happiness in excess, and satiating, by variety, a vicious passion, she rests her hopes on the foundation of domestic duty: in the fond offices of a wife, and the tender occupations of a parent, she finds the comforts and the delights of life.—This is the portrait of an Englishwoman's virtue,—nor does she ever leave it without many a cruel struggle, or look back to its happy state, even if
her

her own should have become the most abandoned, without the pangs of remorse, and the wishes of repentance."

"It is well then," said Don Cleofas, "that the spirit of gallantry is dead in me, or this would be a miserable country for a lively Spaniard to come to for recreation." "It might be for that," answered Asmodeus, "among other reasons, that I conducted you hither. If the end of your wishes were nothing more than to satisfy a libidinous passion, you should have remained among your Castilian dames. To observe the manners and trace the genius of a great people; who are not more renowned for their wisdom, than remarkable for the variety of their character, must now be the principal object of your attention.—If you should chuse a little amusement *en passant*, that, my friend will be your own business; and, when your fancy is so disposed, you will not be without plenty of opportunities to pursue it.—If,

in

in the feast of life, you must have your *entremets*, I shall leave you to find them yourself; for though I may be a seducer to others, I owe you too much to be any thing but a Mentor to you. But let us," continued he, "leave this moralizing conversation, and permit me to direct your attention to the busy scene below you.

"This is that quarter of the town," said the Devil, "where the merchants and principal traders reside and pursue their different avocations." "And, by the hurry and bustle in the street," said Don Cleofas, "the noise of carriages, and the crowds of people passing hastily to and fro, with eager anxiety in their countenances, I should imagine that all the commerce and business of the world were centered in this spot."

"Your conjectures, Signior Zambullo," replied Asmodeus, "are not very wide of the mark; for the four quarters of the world are concerned in the busy scene which you behold,

behold. The stately river that flows beneath us, and is scarcely visible, so thick is the forest of masts which cover it, bears into the very bosom of this city the produce of every clime, and carries, on its returning tide, the produce and manufactures of this country to the ocean, whose waves roll, or whose winds waft them to every corner of the earth.

“Cast your eyes,” continued he, “along the quays on the side of the river, and contemplate a scene of commercial industry which you have never yet beheld, which your mind can scarce conceive, even while you behold it; and whose busy honours, the haughty pride of your nobility must condescend to admire. The glory of this nation is supported and increased by its commerce; and, while the sons of nobles engage in its concerns, the descendants of the merchant attain the honours of nobility. No lazy *Hidalgos* rot here in pride, idleness and poverty. Wealth, obtained by honourable

able means, confers honour; and the titles which have been reduced by the misfortunes or follies of those who have possessed them, are glad to secure a restoration to their ancient splendour, by forming an alliance with the opulent trader."

"In our future excursions," continued the Devil, "you shall be made acquainted with many of the principal individuals in this trading world, and be initiated into some of the arts and crafts of it. At present, I must think of conducting you to the other quarter of the town, where the nobility and persons of independent fortune take their residence;—where the sovereign holds his court, and pleasure and fashion hold their sway. There it is that I shall first indulge your curious impatience."

"But, before we quit our present situation," said Don Cleofas, "let me ask you what enormous column is this whereon we are perched? And what means the massive

massive representation of a flame that surrounds us?"

"This pillar," answered the Cripple, "is a monument of the great man's genius who designed and executed it, and of the strange bigotry of the times in which it was erected. In the last century, a fire broke out on the spot where this column stands, whose conflagration lasted several days, and consumed a great part of this city. To commemorate the event, or rather to charge it on the Papists, who were as innocent of the mischief as yourself; in short, to perpetuate a lie at the expence of a religion which the policy or bigotry of the times wished to render odious, this superb piece of architecture was erected at the public expence. For I must inform you, that this wise people have had their fits of fanatic zeal and mistaken enthusiasm, which, though they have not proceeded so far as *Autos di Fe*, and general massacres, have called

called forth the censures of their enlightened historians.

“ But it is now time,” continued he, “ to quit our present situation, and conduct you to your lodgings; where I have taken care that every thing necessary shall be prepared for your reception.—My present form,” added the Demon, “ will be immediately succeeded by that of an active gentleman of your chamber; and you will, perhaps, think the transformation for my advantage.”

In a moment they descended into the street, and Asmodeus was as quickly changed into the appearance he had promised.—An hackney-coach was immediately called, which conveyed them to an hotel at the West-end of the town; and Don Cleofas, having refreshed himself with a good supper, was put to bed by his new domestic; who, promising to call him at a proper hour the next morning, took his leave, and left him to his repose.

C H A P. III.

Whither the DEVIL, upon TWO STICKS carried DON CLEOFAS, and what he shewed him.

IT was between nine and ten the next morning, when Asmodeus drew back the curtains of the bed where Don Cleofas was still enjoying a sound and pleasing sleep. "It is not," said he, "the custom of this country, my noble Sir, to sleep till noon.—The town is all alive, the streets are crowded with people, and you are embracing your pillow.—It is not in England as in Spain—the day is here as fertile in scenes for our observation as the night; and I wish to employ it in conducting you through the principal parts of this magnificent city.—Our nights, indeed, may be more stationary:—but your chocolate is ready, and while you are taking it, I will prepare your toilette.

"Thou

"Thou best of Devils!" exclaimed Don Cleofas, leaping hastily from his bed, and embracing him, "how shall I repay the obligations I owe you?" "At present," replied Asmodeus, "I am your debtor,—and you may be assured, I will not finally quit you, till the balance is amply discharged.—But we have no time to pass in fruitless conversation; I must therefore beg of you to apply to your breakfast, and when I have decorated your pretty face with the friz of the day, we will sally forth.—The master having dispatched his meal, and the valet, with half a dozen strokes of the comb, having finished the toilette,—they made their first visit to St. James's Park.

"You are now," said the Demon, "in the principal public walk of this city,—and on a Sunday evening it is so crowded with company of all sorts, that it becomes an undertaking of no common difficulty to press through the multitude.—The Nobleman and the Plebeian,—the General Officer and

the Drummer,—the Lady of Quality and the Oyſter Wench,—the Prude and the Harlot, all find themſelves in one promiſcuous crowd, impelled by the deſire to ſee and be ſeen.—That old, irregular, brick building, is the King's Palace—but by no means equal to the dignity of a Britiſh Monarch; and that handſome edifice, which preſents itſelf at the end of the walk, is called the Queen's Houſe, where their Majeſties, in the intervals of public buſineſs and the forms of ſtate, practiſe all the virtues, and enjoy all the comforts of domeſtic life: but I ſhall, in due time, give you a peep into both of them.” “What,” exclaimed Don Cleofas, ſuddenly, “are the ſerenades of this country given at noon day? for if my eyes and ears do not deceive me, a very ſplendid band of muſicians are coming haſtily towards us.” “It is not a ſerenade after your faſhion,” replied the Demon, “though one or other of theſe bands play for half an hour every morning, in the great court of the palace,

to awaken the maids of honour, and amuse the servants of his Majesty's household.—The air which they are now performing, is a French country dance; and though the music has not a very military measure, it proceeds from the band belonging to the King's Guard, which is returning from duty, and will immediately pass before us.—The officer who marches at the head of the company, is a young nobleman of high rank, who, though he does not possess the knowledge necessary to a corporal, may, from the influence of his connexions, command the very regiment in which he now commands a company; and, which is rather *à propos*, his mind is, at this moment, beating time to such an expectation.—But permit me," continued the Demon, "to direct your attention to an object more attractive.

"Do you not see a lady sitting upon a bench, with a beautiful young girl by her side, dressed in white?" "I do indeed,"

answered Don Cleofas ; “ and have seldom seen such a combination of beauty and innocence.” — “ She is the good lady’s daughter,” interrupted Asmodeus : “ the mother is possessed of a genteel competence in a distant part of the kingdom, where she has hitherto resided ; but a young gentleman of great property in her neighbourhood, having been so deeply smitten with a lady he accidentally saw in this park last spring, as to marry her almost immediately,—she actually came up to town on the commencement of the winter, with a firm expectation that her daughter would be favoured with the same good fortune.—For this purpose, they have never failed to patrol these walks, every day, when the weather was not absolutely outrageous, during the last six months. One whole week indeed, they remained at home, in hourly expectation of receiving proposals from a young lord, who had been so polite as to recover the young lady’s bonnet from the impetuosity of the wind, and on returning it, had made
some

some polite, unmeaning compliment to her beauty.—However, after dreaming for several days and nights of titles and coronets, they were at length consoled by the information, that the expected nobleman was already married.—Some of the walking wits of the place, have given them the title of the Park-keepers; and though they are frequently taken for what they are not, the good lady is never disconcerted, but applies the knowing look and familiar gaze to the support of her system.—I should," added the Demon, "exert myself a little towards giving an unexpected conclusion to this idle errand; but the lady's brother, having heard of her folly, will arrive in town this evening, and put an end to it, by taking his sister and his niece immediately into the country.—The pert leer of a young smart clerk, belonging to the Treasury, had not been unnoticed or unfelt by the damsel, and, with the least trouble in the world, I could have formed as pretty a little innocent intrigue as has, for some time, adorned the annals of the lesser gallantry."

“ By my faith,” cried Don Cleofas
“ the virtue of this country well merits
your praise,—for I find that its very in-
trigues may be innocent. “ What your
logic was when you were a student of
Alcala,” answered Asmodeus, “ and used
to make such frequent excursions from
the sublime science of that university,
to the more practical philosophy of *Ma-
drid*, I shall not pretend to determine: but
it is an axiom in the school where I
was bred, that when one party thinks it
right, and the other does not think it
wrong, their proceedings in the business,
whatever it may be, must be pronounced
innocent.” “ You are a charming reason-
er,” said Don Cleofas, “ and I should real-
ly be glad to hear you enlarge on the
subject,—if I did not wish to be inform-
ed what that tall figure can be which ap-
proaches us, clad in a long black robe, with
streamers of of silk fluttering about him?
“ That is an honest, jolly son of the church,”
said Asmodeus, “ and the curate of an ad-
joining

joining parish.—He has just received ten guineas, for having christened the infant of an eminent stone-cutter, who, in honour of his profession, directed his child to be baptized by the name of a celebrated brother stone-cutter, of a former century, called *Michael Angelo*.—The jingle of the guineas in his pocket, with the whimsical circumstance of the name that he has just bestowed upon the young Christian, have communicated to the priest that air of gaiety and the simpering smile which enlivens his countenance. After having had an excellent breakfast, he is hastening home to uncassock himself, when, he will, by a country walk, quicken his appetite for an excellent dinner, to which *Michael Angelo's* father has invited him,—where he will baptize himself with such copious draughts of wine, that very early in the evening, he will be as incapable of going alone, as the infant whom he so devoutly sprinkled with water in the morning.” “I suppose then,” said Don Cleofas, “that the honest artist firmly
B 5 believes

believes in the sympathy of names, and that his son will possess the genius of the celebrated sculptor whose name he bears."

"By no means," answered the Demon, "for it is the father's determined intention to bring up Michael Angelo to the Bar; and, if possible, to make a gentleman of him."

"That poor old man," said Don Cleofas, "in the seat opposite to us will, I fear, expire beneath the violence of the cough that afflicts him." "I thank you," answered Asmodeus, "for presenting him to my attention, as he is a character well worth your notice. He is very rich, and extremely avaricious; yet, on particular occasions, performs the noblest acts of generosity.—I will entertain you with reciting one of them.—Some gentlemen of his neighbourhood, having undertaken to make a parochial collection from house to house, for the benefit of a public charity, came at length to the old man's habitation.—The
door

door being half open, they heard him arraigning his maid servant with the utmost vehemence, for having thrown a match into the fire, though she had used but one end of it. This casual information of such extreme œconomy, at first checked their design of passing his threshold; but as their charitable application was intended to be universal, they ventured to enter the house, and acquaint the old gentleman with the nature of their errand; when, without making any reply, he unlocked his bureau, and presented them with a bank note of fifty pounds.—On expressing their astonishment at what they received, after what they had heard, he calmly answered, that œconomy was the best source of generosity, and that he should pursue it in the manner that pleased himself, without consulting them or any one; and without taking any further notice of his visitors, continued to reproach the poor girl, for the rash act of extravagance that she had committed.”

“ Singular as the history is which you have just related to me,” said Don Cleofas, “ it was in some degree interrupted by the wild looks and irregular gestures of the young man, who was passing hastily before us.—Now he turns rapidly to the right—in an instant he takes the contrary way,—and seems to be in a situation that betokens a very distressed mind, or disordered understanding.” “ He is in a state of perplexity and wretchedness,” replied Asmodeus, “ that borders on distraction. He had this morning loaded a pistol, with a design of lodging the contents of it in his brain, but his servant, alarmed at his apparent disorder, observed him so closely, as to prevent the premeditated consequences of it.—If you look down the Mall to the right, you will see the faithful domestic peeping from behind a tree, and watching the course of his master’s fury, of which he knows not the cause, though he trembles for the effects.—The history of this unhappy young man, is as follows :—

“ I shall

“ I shall not trouble you with an account of his birth, parentage and fortune—but begin at that interesting period, when love first began to play the tyrant with him. He had entertained a passion, the moment his heart was susceptible of it, for a young lady of great merit and beauty, the only daughter of a gentleman who resided in the county where his own estates were situated. He was no sooner of age than he offered proposals of marriage, which were readily accepted by her friends and herself, and nothing but the making a final settlement with his father’s executors, delayed the consummation of his nuptials. For this purpose, a journey to London was absolutely necessary ; and meeting with a college acquaintance upon the road, who was, some time before, become a professed sharper, our young unsuspecting country gentleman, ignorant of those arts by which unwary virtue is undone, and rendered most incautious by the near approach of consummate happiness, became an easy prey to the undering

plundering spirit of his treacherous companion. This obliging friend and his associates contrived, soon after the young man's arrival in town, not only to ease him of all his ready cash, but to get engagements and securities from him to the amount of half his fortune. In this terrible situation, (without daring to consult his friends, who would soon have settled the business, and apprehensive, nay almost certain, that his marriage with the charming Leonora was for ever sacrificed, by his irrecoverable imprudence,) as if it were to render his misery wholly insupportable—the following letter was delivered to him:—

‘ Ever since her dearest Henry’s departure, his Leonora has experienced nothing
‘ but anxiety and apprehension. The happiness which approaches me seems to be
‘ too perfect for duration, and this idea torments me with the most painful fears that
‘ some fatal event will be conjured up to
‘ cross, if not to blast it. But think not,
‘ Henry, in thus making you the confident
‘ of my alarms, that I suspect your virtue, or
‘ doubt

‘doubt your affection. If I were certain
‘that I should never receive the stroke of
‘affliction but from your hand, the chearful
‘look would dwell on my countenance, and
‘jocund gaiety would enliven my heart.
‘The fields where we have walked together,
‘have lost their charms; and the shades be-
‘neath which we have sheltered ourselves
‘from the noon-tide heat, are no longer
‘pleasant. The sun cannot make these
‘scenes gay, when you are absent, nor could
‘the wintry clouds make them dreary, if you
‘were with me. Here, indeed, is peace
‘and security, and where you are, is dismay
‘and danger. Here, the shepherd having
‘penned his fold, leaves it without a guard,
‘nor does the robber approach it: and where
‘you are, the midnight plunderer watches
‘for his prey, and the lurking assassin
‘grasps the dagger. But wherefore do I
‘thus torment myself with gloomy imagina-
‘tions? Oh! ask me, Henry, why I love
‘you; why my sum of good is centered
‘in you; and, when I have told you all,
‘blame

‘ blame not a young, unexperienced mind,
‘ a mind that has but one view of happiness,
‘ because it trembles at the bare possibility
‘ of being deprived of it. You will think,
‘ perhaps, that I should send comfort to
‘ you;—alas! were I myself as rich as Hea-
‘ ven could make me in comfort, I should
‘ become a very spendthrift, and exhaust all
‘ my store upon you. But my Henry must
‘ remember, when he first asked me for my
‘ heart, how he told me with a sigh, that he
‘ wished to share the joys and the sorrows of
‘ it. I did not refuse the boon; and in now
‘ offering you its sorrows, I prove the sin-
‘ cerity of the gift I made you. If it were
‘ possible for my solitudes to be greater
‘ than they are, I would tell you of them, for
‘ I am resolved never to deceive you; and it
‘ would be a deceit which I could not jus-
‘ tify; it would make me even doubt the
‘ force and innocence of my affection for
‘ you, were I not to tell you that my heart
‘ will be deprived of comfort, till you are
‘ returned in safety to your afflicted

‘ LEONORA.

“Gracious Heaven!” exclaimed Don Cleofas, “such a letter as this, at such a moment, was more than sufficient to plunge him into instant distraction.” “It was on the point of producing that effect,” answered the Demon, “and his mind now rages in a feverish deliberation, whether he shall quit the kingdom or the world. But as I perceive that you are deeply interested in his fate, I can assure you that he will do neither. The villains who have plundered him are at this moment pursued by the officers of justice, on suspicion of various iniquitous proceedings, which will, sooner or later, conduct some of them to the gallows. Being informed of their danger, they have all escaped for the present, except the agent of the confraternity, who is now enjoying his solitary reflections, whatever they may be, in the principal goal of this city. He had the different papers which this poor young man had been persuaded to sign, in his possession, at the time he was taken; so that they were immediately transferred

ferred to the care of the magistrate, and will soon be effectually cancelled. Of this change in his situation, the young gentleman will very soon be informed; the business, as it relates to him, will be hushed up; and though he is now one of the most wretched beings on the globe, he will be, in a very short time, the happiest of men, possessing, and possessed by, the beautiful Leonora.

“I rejoice, most sincerely,” said Don Cleofas, “at the winding up of the piece; but surely,” added he, “this self-same gaming is the most horrid vice that hell has engendered.”—“Softly, my good Signior,” said the Spirit, smiling, “I must intreat you not to mention the place of my nativity, if you must speak of it, in a tone of so much disrespect.” “I beg your worship’s pardon ten thousand times,” replied Don Cleofas,—“but,”——“Nay,” interrupted Asmodeus, “I will candidly acknowledge that the place which you have just named
with

with so much impetuosity, is more indebted to the passion for play, than to the whole consolidated calendar of human vices.

“ But now let me beg your attention,” continued the Demon, “ to the lady who moves gracefully towards us, and is followed by a footman so plentifully besprinkled with silver lace. Her history, the early part of which is a real secret, will, I believe, repay your attention.

“ In her virgin days, she was, by profession, a milk-maid, and had given her first affections to the footman of a young bachelor of fashion and fortune. So persuasive was the eloquence of the domestic, that, one fine evening in June, she consented, when the rest of the family were in their beds, to be admitted to take a share of his. It was ill-imagined, you will say,—and so it was; but Love, like every other passion, contrives very often to out-wit itself: for, as the lover was conduct-

ducting the fair one to his garret, his master, whose chamber was adjoining to the stair-case which they were ascending, fancied that he heard something stirring; and taking the lamp which was burning in the room, he opened the door very gently, and presented himself, like a ghost, to the astonished pair. The gallant, in defiance of all gallantry, made the best of his way up-stairs, inattentive to the situation of the affrighted damsel. The gentleman, however, recovering a little from his first surprise, and seeing something that looked like a female, and, on examination, discovering that she was young, and of good liking, drew her gently by the hand into his chamber; when locking the door, he seated her upon the bed, and having got into it himself, he questioned her concerning her business in his house. After a few tears, she told 'a round, unvarnished tale;' which being finished, those virgin charms, which she had originally destined for the man, were consigned to the bed of the master.

master, and she continued to share it with an unblemished fidelity during the remainder of his life. Perceiving that she possessed a good natural understanding, he was determined to cultivate it: he therefore took her with him to France, where she was attended by the best masters, and soon acquired the manners and accomplishments of elegant life. She accompanied him through a great part of Europe, in a tour of three years; at the end of which period they returned to England. As he had introduced her to his friends under the character of an unfortunate person of very good family,—and as she had, by her obliging manners, acquired the esteem of all those who frequented his society, she did not fail, after his death, which happened about four years ago, to become an object of acquisition to many of the most fashionable men of the fashionable world; from some of whom, though she possesses a genteel, independent income, she has, from time to time, levied very ample

ple contributions. At present, she is growing rich at the expence of a wealthy young citizen of low extraction, who is proud to be connected with an *impure of good family*. The only person who could have betrayed her origin, is no more. On being discharged from his rival master's service, he kept the secret for his own sake, and went soon after to the East Indies, as valet to a general officer, where the poor fellow died; so that she will, in all probability, walk a woman of quality to her grave; for no one has the least suspicion, that the irremediable bend in her shoulders, which many of her foolish admirers have thought a grace, was occasioned by the weight of those dangling milk-pails which were the constant burden of her youthful days. The lady has, however, preserved a smack for the livery, and does not disdain, when inclination prompts, to solace herself with the footman who follows her."

"Pray observe," said Don Cleofas, "the old gentleman who turns round to gaze at her. She makes him, I fear, look back to the days of his youth, and regret that strength which must be almost exhausted."

"That is not the only, or indeed the principal cause of his regret," answered Asmodeus; "he is a brave veteran officer of cavalry; the scar which you may perceive on his right cheek, is the counterpart of many others which he wears in most parts of his body; and were obtained in a long course of dangerous service. He was a Captain before the Colonel of his regiment was born, and he is a Captain still."—

"But is it possible," said Don Cleofas, "that the King, before whose palace this gallant officer is now walking, should be ignorant of his services?" "You must be informed," interrupted the Demon, "that it is almost impossible, in the complicated affairs of this government, for the King, who is all goodness, to be acquainted with, or even to give attention to every inferior

inferior and subordinate circumstance of its various departments. Besides, in this country, the army is not a popular establishment; indeed, according to the principles of the constitution, it ought not to be so. Its inferior commissions are chiefly obtained by purchase, and the higher ranks by interest; so that where a man is so unfortunate as to have neither money or connections, his merit must be very uncommon indeed, and attended with very peculiar circumstances, to command any considerable degree of advancement:—a pair of colours for his grandson, is all this brave man ever received from his country.

“ But we will leave him, if you please,” said Asmodeus, “ to favour with your notice a young lady, a very interesting character, who will in a few moments pass before us. You cannot but perceive the evident impression of grief upon her countenance, which will continue, for some time, to lessen its charms; indeed, she
was

was well-nigh falling a prey to it. The beautiful little girl who is skipping along before her, is her daughter, and was the innocent cause of an affliction which almost brought her affectionate parent to the grave. The nursery-maid, taking her usual morning walk with the child, became so attentive to the fine speeches of a nobleman's *valet de chambre*, that she entirely forgot her charge, and gave a watchful beggar an opportunity of purloining it away. The distress of this unhappy lady, when she was informed of the accident, I shall not attempt to describe; it was at first, as you may suppose, violent and outrageous; but, after every endeavour to recover the poor little girl had proved fruitless, the despairing mother sunk into a state of melancholy and dejection, which threatened to put an early period to her life and afflictions together. Her friends took every method their compassionate regard could suggest, to sooth her sorow and divert her melancholy;

and, for this purpose, had persuaded her to accompany them to a musical solemnity at the great church whose towers present themselves to the right of you; and as she was descending from her carriage, at some little distance from the place of entrance, a feeble, but well known voice, said to her "Where have you been, my dear mamma, that I have not seen you so long?" The astonished lady turned instantly towards the voice, and amid the rags and filth of a beggar, recognised her child. She caught her eagerly in her arms, and sunk down on the pavement. This unexpected, but happy meeting, occasioned as you may well imagine, a scene of confusion that affected every beholder; and, in the hurry of it, the wretch who conducted the little creature thither to assist her daily trade of begging alms, was suffered to escape. Since that period, the happy, but anxious mother, no longer trusts a servant to perform, for her daughter, any office that can be done by herself; and she is now
come

come on her daily visit to the Park, to give her little fairy the benefit of air and exercise."

"But you must explain to me, my friend," said Don Cleofas, "why a beggar, who may be supposed to be scarce able to maintain herself, should encrease her difficulties by stealing a child to maintain." "I can easily satisfy you," answered the Demon.— "The cloaths of such a child, when sold, would procure no small degree of temporary luxury to a beggar: but this is not all— instead of the woman finding it a difficulty to maintain the child, the child has actually maintained her. The ancients considered the company of an infant as a security against accidents and disasters; and the modern beggar finds a child by her side, or a baby in her arms, a certain attraction to the charity of the compassionate. Indeed it is a common practice among the beggars of this metropolis, who have not any children of their own, and have not stolen one,

to hire a child, in order to assist them in this miserable mode of gaining their daily bread. But when we visit the quarter of the town where the fraternity of mendicants chiefly reside, you shall be initiated into the mysteries of their republic. At present, an object of higher rank presents itself to our observation.

“The person who is coming slowly towards us with the decoration of a star and a ribband, is a Lord who has made your country look pale, and performed the most important services for his own.—In the early part of his life, when a want of education and a rough demeanour were thought essential to naval merit, he united all the bravery and knowledge of his profession with the most amiable and elegant manners.—His private fortune was considerable, and in the course of the war before last, he acquired a very large addition to it.—But a love of play reduced him in a few years to such a situation, as to make
a visit

■ visit to a neighbouring kingdom essential to his personal liberty. Distress, however, still followed him,—friendship seemed to have forgotten him; and being involved abroad as well as at home, he knew not where to go, nor how to stay.—At this period, the troubles of America began to wear an unpleasing aspect, and a war between England and France appeared to be the inevitable consequence of them.—He had, therefore, every reason to hope that, if he could return to England, his services would be demanded, and that the fruits of them might be the restoration of his fortune.—But how to get rid of his foreign incumbrances he knew not, and, without accomplishing such a desirable object, it was almost impossible to quit the place where he had contracted them.—In this perplexing dilemma,” continued Asmodeus, “ a French nobleman, with a generosity that a devil ought to mention with horror, put an end to his embarrassments; and, disdaining the narrow system of national

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tional antipathy, restored this brave and excellent officer to his country, by taking all his foreign debts upon himself.—

On his return, however, fortune did not at once smile upon his hopes; and he was daily seen perambulating this Park, not an object of grateful admiration, but of disregard from some, and pity from others. He came not then, as he does now, to catch the refreshing gale, or feel the enlivening sun, but to exercise himself in a place privileged from the intrusions of the exasperated creditor:—At length, however, the necessities of the state, and the general wish of the people, co-operated to call him into action; and he did his duty: for the most effectual services of the war were performed by him. Though opposed, threatened, and, in some measure, arraigned by a powerful and able faction, he made the despondent people feel, that they still were what they once had been.—His trophies are known to the world, and the latest posterity will admire them.—The insignia

signia which adorn his person, the title that ennobles his name, and the fortune which supports his dignity, as well as the laurels that thicken over him, were the gift of victory :—but more of him hereafter.”

“ This is an animating picture,” said Don Cleofas, “ for a patriot of any country,—and I offer the British original a most sincere, though silent reverence, as he passes by us.—The lady,” continued he, “ who curtsies to him, is, I presume, some person of quality of his acquaintance.”

“ By no means,” answered Asmodeus ; “ she acts in sympathy with yourself : her’s is a pure patriotic obeisance, and no more. The good lady was but lately a midwife, though of some reputation in her profession ; but having been employed to ease a virgin of fashion of a little baby, without any injury to her virginity, she was rewarded for her skill as well as prudence on the occasion, with a comfortable independence,

which she now enjoys, and makes her offerings to Lucina no more.

“ But let us quit our position,” said the Demon; “ here is one approaching to take his seat beside us, whose presence would trouble me.” “ What,” said Don Cleofas, “ is he a Magician who keeps bottles in his garret, and are you afraid, my friend, of being corked up once again? For my part, I never saw a person of a more amiable appearance.” “ Let us, however, remove from hence,” replied Asmodeus, “ and I will communicate to you the cause of my uneasiness.”—Having crossed the Mall, and passed into the Green Park—“ Devil as I am,” continued he, “ I can really bring myself to look on common good qualities without disgust; but, to tell you the truth, that man’s virtue is not to be borne with patience.—In the early part of his life, the violence of his passions plunged him into various excesses, which would have ended in his destruction, had he not,

as

as he approached the brink of the precipice, perceived his danger and shrunk from it with horror.—This almost miraculous escape had such an effect upon him, that he turned at once into the paths of undeviating rectitude which he has never forsaken. His fortune is considerable, and he employs the whole of it in doing good.—His life is very retired, his manner of living frugal, and his appearance simple and without attraction; so that, not being an object either for envy or curiosity, he has all the opportunities he can desire, of dispensing his benevolence in secret, and without any witnesses but those who feel the comforts of it.” “But how is it possible,” exclaimed Don Cleofas, “that such a man can be unknown; for even supposing that he could escape from the observation of his neighbourhood, which I should think to be impossible,—the very gratitude of those whom he relieves, would publish his virtues, and hold him forth as an object for universal admiration.”

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“You

“ You must observe, “ interrupted the Demon, “ that the croud in this city is sufficiently great, to admit of an individual’s living, if it should so please him, a long life in it, without attracting any particular notice. With respect to those whom he favours with his bounty, he not only engages them to observe a profound secrecy, which the greater part of them find it their interest to observe; but he presents himself to them as the agent of certain wealthy and well disposed persons, the purity of whose benevolence will not permit their names to be revealed. By this mode of proceeding, he saves himself from being harrassed with acknowledgements which he does not wish to receive, and is also enabled to enter into details, and prosecute enquiries as to the reality and nature of the distress he is anxious to relieve, which he could not do if he appeared as a principal in the business. There are several of my fraternity,” continued the Demon, “ who owe this good man a grudge for interposing

terposing between them and their prey.— Within these three months, he settled the affairs of a young man who was on the eve of bankruptcy, and had determined to conceal a part of his effects from his creditors, for which offence, a capital one in this country, he would have been tried, condemned, and executed: and this very morning, he has completely restored a numerous and distressed family to ease and comfort; the father of which had determined to go upon the highway to relieve their wants. The peculiar satisfaction you saw in his countenance, arose from the delight he felt in his mind at the good he had done, and the pleasing consciousness that the real author of it is only known to himself and to Heaven. But something more congenial to my nature solicits our attention.

“ You see,” continued Asmodeus, “ the lady and gentleman who converse with so much apparent earnestness, as they saunter round the piece of water before us.”

“ They are a pair of lovers, I suppose,” said Don Cleofas, “ who are taking the advantage of this fine morning to make an exchange of certain interesting communications.” “ Your conjecture,” answered the Deamon, “ is not very wide of the mark. The lady is of the first rank of nobility, and having attached herself to a certain society, which her best friends most seriously disapprove, they have persuaded her lord to take her abroad for a year or two, in order to put an end to her present connections. She leaves the kingdom to-morrow, and has appointed the nobleman who is now with her, and is her most favoured admirer, to meet her here this morning to exchange adieus, and arrange the plan of their future correspondence. But the folly of lovers is extreme:—for though they are this moment interchanging expressions of mutual misery at their approaching separation, and hazard very unpleasant consequences by this interview,—in less than a month they will think of each other no more.”

more." "I am disposed, my good friend," said Don Cleofas, "to risque another conjecture, that this little innocent intrigue, as you may call it, has been the work of some or other of your Satellites." "By no means," replied Asmodeus; "nature did the business to admiration, without any assistance from me, and will continue, in some way or other, to maintain her unaided influence with these good people, to the end of the chapter. Nature may sometimes want a little guidance, and sometimes require a little acceleration, but in this particular branch of human desires, her operations and mine tend to the same point. It is where other interests than mere passion are concerned, that I find it necessary to employ my supernatural agency. But we will now, if you please, enter upon a more bustling scene; and by passing through the door before us, we shall be in one of the most public streets of the whole city." "Mercy on me," exclaimed the astonished Spaniard, "what a clatter of carriages, and what crouds of people! My head is already giddy

giddy from the passage of such a variety of objects." "Be not afraid," answered the spirit; "I will conduct you through it all, and amuse you, in your way, into the bargain."

"That grave looking man in black," continued he, "now passing us in a carriage drawn by white horses, is a bishop. He set out on his spiritual career, with a most violent antipathy to you Papists; but his wife has since contrived to make him think with indulgence on that canon of your church which forbids the clergy to marry."

"But pray inform me," said Don Cleofas, "who is the possessor of that stately hotel before us." "It belongs," answered Asmodeus, "to a noble duke, of whom nothing can be said, either one way or other, that is worth remembering. His genius lies concealed under a very singular taciturnity, and he certainly possesses no small share of that wisdom, which an ancient philo-

philosopher has made to consist in knowing how to hold his tongue. While he was a bachelor, he is said to have uttered a *bon mot* of no common merit." "and, since his marriage," said Don Cleofas, "has he never ventured to give another example of colloquial vivacity; has he not an occasional *bon mot* for the Duchefs?" "Not one," replied the Demon, "but she has *bons-bons* in plenty, and ought to be satisfied."

"I presume," said Don Cleofas, "that the little man dressed in scarlet, who knocks so loudly, and with such an air of importance, at the gate of the hotel, is some person of high distinction." "Do not imagine it," replied the Demon; "he is nothing more than a patriotic tradesman, who answers some low purpose of political party, in which the Duke, and the Duchefs also, are both very anxiously engaged; and, it is on that business, in some shape or other, that he demands admittance to one or other of them. Thus it is that the great sacrifice

fice their dignity at the altar of some unworthy passion, and bring themselves to the disgraceful necessity of practising submissions to the meanest and most insignificant of mankind.

“ But here is a spectacle,” continued he, “ of a very different complexion; and I beg my friend will pay all due attention to the *memento mori* which is passing before us.” “ It has, indeed,” said Don Cleofas, “ an appearance of no common solemnity: the slow procession, the sable attendants, the escutcheons, and the plumes, dispose my mind, some how or other, to be sad and serious. What deep affliction I perceive in the countenance of those who are following some dear and honoured relation or friend to a gloomy grave. Thus it is with the affairs of our miserable world: while some are running at the ring of pleasure, and others are pursuing their different avocations, or fulfilling their various engagements, many a poor mortal, relea-

for

for ever from the business of life, is going to an eternal home." "It is really to be lamented," said Asmodeus, smiling, "that such a fine and affecting piece of morality should be so ill applied; but I cannot resist the wicked pleasure of informing you, that this sable procession, which has filled your mind with such solemn ideas, is nothing more than a band of smugglers; who, under the appearance of a splendid funeral, are conveying a large quantity of rich prohibited goods to a place of security." "You must acknowledge, however," said the astonished Spaniard, "that no one but a devil could have made the discovery—" "except a Custom-house officer," answered the Demon; "and a party of that fraternity are conveniently posted to make a seizure of your melancholy hearse and its sad contents;—but instead of consigning them to a gloomy grave, they will honour the whole with a Roman funeral, by committing them to the flames with great solemnity, before the gates of the Custom-house.

"There

“There indeed,” continued he, “in the *vis-à-vis* that passes before us,—there is a poor mortal hastening to her eternal home, faster than her nimble-footed bays, and as fast as time can carry her.” “Gracious Heavens!” exclaimed Don Perez, “what can you mean?—the flush of health is on her cheek, and she seems formed but to command love and create desire.”—“Alas, my dear friend,” said Asmodeus, “how appearances deceive you mortals!—She is an exact counterpart of the sepulchre where she will shortly repose. Fair without, and charming to the eye, but within, nothing but filth and rottenness.” “The gentlemen of the Custom-house,” replied Don Cleofas, “will not, I trust, seize her cargo as contraband?” “By no means,” answered the Demon; “but they ought not to admit it into port till she has produced a bill of health.”

“These superb houses which you see to the right and left,” said the Devil upon
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Two Sticks, as they passed down St. James's-street, "have been erected by different societies of people of fashion, for the sole purpose of gaming with convenience; but as they are not generally frequented in the day time, I must contrive to afford you a peep into them during our nocturnal excursions.—And that old building," continued he, "which we are now approaching, is the entrance of the Palace, whose back-front you have already seen from the Park." "And the nation," said Don Cleofas, "ought to be ashamed of it." "They are so," replied the Demon; "and there the matter ends.—The King, who has a scientific knowledge of architecture, possessed an ardent wish, and, as it is believed, a full determination, when he first ascended the throne, to erect a palace worthy the sovereign of so great an empire; but the war in which the kingdom was then engaged,—the domestic broils and party confusions that disturbed the nation, before it had recovered its strength from the restoratives
of

of peace, which the rise, progress, and consequences of the American troubles, have hitherto prevented, and will now, in all probability, for ever prevent him from executing this favourite design."

As they entered the park,—“ The house to the left of us,” said Asmodeus, “ is inhabited by the descendants of a noble Duke, whose name made Europe tremble, and has the stamp of immortality impressed upon it. The inheritor of his titles possesses none of the activity, and as little of the genius of his glorious ancestor; but, having the good sense to discover, that he has not the talents requisite to shine in the bustle of public business, he contents himself with maintaining a private dignity, pursuing tranquil amusements, and practising the domestic virtues. Though some of his expences have been splendid,—such is the good humour of mankind,—he is accused, as well as his Duchess, of an economical disposition, disgraceful to his immense

thense fortune.—Economy, however, is no inconsiderable virtue, and a failure of it, where a numerous and growing family look for provision suitable to their high rank, is not only a folly but a crime.—This noble Duke is guilty of neither,—and every wise man will give him what he so well deserves.”

As they walked down the Mall, “I must entreat you, my good friend,” said the Demon, “to favour with your particular attention, the elderly gentleman who has this moment taken the seat to the right: As we pass, cast an eye of observation on him.—He is one of the most singular persons that a nation, remarkable for the great variety of its characters, at this time possesses.—After dinner, I will amuse you, for half an hour with his uncommon history.” “I perceive nothing,” said Don Cleofas, “that is particular in his appearance or physiognomy;” “and that is,” interrupted Asmodeus, “one of the peculiar circumstances, by which he shapes the
course

course of his singular, unsuspected, and not unprofitable life.

“That large but heavy edifice before us, and beneath which we are about to pass, is called the *Horse-Guards*, because the regiment of cavalry on the King’s duty, mounts guard there. It also contains apartments for the holding courts-martial, and other business relative to the army.—It was a public work, and ought therefore to have possessed all the architectural beauty which it was capable of receiving; but, like many,—indeed one might say, like most public works, it was a job; in which the emolument of those who were employed, were considered in preference to the character and magnificence of the nation to which it belongs.”

When they came to *Whitehall*—“That superb building,” continued the Demon, “is part of a royal palace, which for the honour of the nation, ought to have been

been completed. It is the work of an English architect; and if it had been his only design would have placed his name in the rank it now holds among the first of his profession. It is also remarkable for having been the theatre of one of the most striking events of modern history.— On a scaffold, in the front of, and contiguous to the building, Charles the First, an unfortunate sovereign of this country, was doomed to lose his head by the hands of a public executioner, and on the condemnation of a self-created tribunal of his own subjects. It is called the Banqueting-house; and did, indeed, produce an unexampled feast, to glut the republican zealots of the last century.”—“ I remember the story well,” said Don Cleofas; “ and it is on the anniversary of this extraordinary execution, according to a wicked wit, named Voltaire, that every Monarch in Europe rises from his bed with a crick in his neck.” “ He was an unlucky rogue,” said Asmodeus, “ and a very great favourite of our community.—

But

But I must claim your attention to that little man, dressed in blue, who looks up with such respectful attention to the building, and pulling off his hat, makes a most reverential obeisance as he passes."

"I presume," said Don Cleofas, "he is some great admirer of architectural beauty; and it is in this manner, without doubt, that he manifests his veneration for a *chef d'œuvre* in his favourite science." "It was impossible for you to guess," replied Afmodeus, "unless you were inspired, that this silly man is nothing more than a zealous republican, who offers this mark of respect to the edifice before us, whenever he passes it, because it was the scene of a royal execution. He is a tradesman of this city, who fancies himself a very profound politician:—And though he would not scruple to tread upon the neck of a King, he does not discover the least delicacy, when an occasion offers, in charging home on the purses of his subjects. But this is not all:—

all:—the fine equestrian statue just before us, is a representation of the unhappy monarch we have already mentioned:”—“And that is an object,” interrupted Don Cleofas, “which the little republican tradesman would, I suppose, avoid with the utmost precaution:—“By no means,” answered the Demon, “for he has more than once risked a fractured limb from the passing carriages, in order to discharge his rheum upon the pedestal.

“That noble pile of building,” continued he, “which we are approaching, contains a part of the royal stables; and the stately form of it has given occasion to have it observed, with something of wit in the farcasin,—that his Majesty’s stables have the appearance of a palace, and that his palace is not treated unjustly, when it is said to have the appearance of a stable.

“But,” continued he, “we will now, if you please, finish our morning’s excursion,
VOL. I. D fion,

sion, and return to our hotel, which we shall reach in a few minutes; and I doubt not, my friend, that you will be well pleased with the good dinner which is preparing for you. Your mind, as you well know, is spiritual, and I will undertake to nourish it, after my fashion, with spiritual sustenance; but as for your body, it is good flesh and blood; to support which, you must have recourse to cooks who are made of the same materials."

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

*Wherein the DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS ful-
fils his Promise of relating to DON CLEOFAS
LEANDRO PEREZ ZAMBULLO, the History
of the Gentleman he saw in the Park.*

DON CLEOFAS having finished his dinner in great comfort, reminded the Demon of the promise he made to entertain him with an account of the gentleman whom he had particularly recommended to his attention, as they passed through the Park. "Let me first, my dear sir," said Asmodeus, "prepare your coffee, and then you will be so good as to prepare your attention." This little arrangement being settled, the Devil upon Two Sticks began the following singular relation :

*An historical Description of the UNIVERSAL
SPY, or Unsuspected Politician.*

“ Mr. ———, for that is the gentleman’s name,” said Asmodeus, “ is descended from a family of great respect among the antient gentry of the North of England. His father, who was a younger brother, was, in the early part of life, a supercargo in the service of the East India Company; but an old maiden aunt leaving him a very handsome fortune, he never repeated his voyage, and left his original, as well as acquired, property very much improved at his death, to his only son, the object of our present consideration, who was then about eight years old, and had been, for some time, placed at a private school of reputation, in the neighbourhood of *London*.—The valuable woman, his mother, had died about two years before; a circumstance which was the principal cause of his father’s death, whose

whose sensibility could not bear up against such an irreparable loss: so that our young gentleman was left to the care of two distant relations, who, with unremitting attention, fulfilled the directions his father gave concerning his education, when he lay on his death-bed. As they are of singular excellence,—and as they may, in some small degree, account for the character of the son, I will repeat them to you.

“When this worthy gentleman found that he was drawing nigh to his end, he sent for the two relations whom he had appointed to be his executors; and, after thanking them again and again, for their friendship, during a life which was now approaching its period, he entreated them to transfer it to the little boy he should leave behind him. ‘You well know,’ said he, ‘that the death of that excellent woman, my wife, has greatly, if not altogether, contributed to bring me to the situation

‘ation in which you now behold me:—It
‘may be thought, indeed, that, as she left
‘me a son, I ought, for the sake of them
‘both, to have struggled with life more
‘willingly, and, of course, more effectually
‘than I have done:—But I am fully con-
‘vinced, that my sensibilities are such as
‘to disqualify me for the task of educating
‘a child as I ought; and it will probably
‘be a very great advantage to him that I
‘am taken hence; by which event, the bu-
‘siness of preparing him for the world, will
‘devolve upon those who are so much bet-
‘ter qualified to execute the important bu-
‘siness. I shall,” continued he, “trouble
‘you with the care of my son’s fortune till
‘he has attained the age of twenty-five
‘years. For this restraint, he, perhaps, at
‘twenty-one, will not thank me, but at
‘thirty, he will be of a different opinion;
‘and I would rather that the memory of
‘his father should be accompanied with the
‘gratitude of his mature, than his more
‘early years. You will fix him firm in the
‘path

‘path of honour, for you are honourable
‘men. You will teach him to detest a base
‘action in others, and to shudder at it in
‘himself, as you have both of you done
‘throughout your lives. Tell him that the
‘language of truth is superior to all the
‘languages of the world, and that the sci-
‘ence of an honest man, is the supreme
‘wisdom of life. Instruct him in the art
‘of doing good to others, without injury
‘to himself; and teach him, if possible, to
‘guard against the frequent inconvenience
‘of sensibility, if that should prove a part
‘of his heritage, by the precautions of pru-
‘dence; and as he will possess a gentle-
‘man’s fortune, inspire him to enjoy it with
‘the spirit of a gentleman.’—These were
almost the last words of the dying man; and,
as far as depended upon the care of those to
whom they were addressed, the requests
they conveyed were punctually fulfilled.

“ At this period, the boy had discovered
no symptoms of any peculiarity of charac-

ter or genius, and he remained like the generality of boys of his age, till, about three years after, when a circumstance arose, which seems to have given the prevailing colour of his future life.

“ In the immediate vicinity of his school, there lived a gentleman of large fortune, and equal benevolence, who, during the summer season, was continually sending presents of fruit to his young neighbours, as he was pleased to call them, of the school. However, some among the elder members of this community, proved their descendency from the common mother, *Eve*, by possessing a stronger propensity to forbidden fruit, than that which came from a gratuitous hand. Under this fatal, but hereditary impression, they formed a plan to rob the garden of that kind benefactor, from the produce of which, and the kindness of whom, they were so often and so plentifully regaled.

“ Our

“ Our young hero, shocked at the ingratitude of such a scheme, but not daring to take any open methods to oppose it, employed his whole thoughts how he might circumvent the disgraceful project. Many different schemes suggested themselves to his mind, but they all ended in a determination to write a notice of the design, as well as he could, in printed characters, and to introduce it into one of the large common prayer books belonging to the gentleman’s pew, in the parish church: And though he, at that time, possessed all the puerile fears of ghosts and goblins, he had the courage, very late in the evening, when some of the parishioners were ringing a peal, to enter the church, and execute his design. On the Sunday following, the gentleman found the paper, took proper measures to prevent the intended robbery of his garden, and, in compliance with the wish expressed in this extraordinary notice, never pursued any enquiry after the

writer of it, or made any mention whatever, of the circumstances relating to it.

“ The success of this first undertaking, seems to have stamped at once that peculiar mark on his character which it still bears, and which will only be effaced by the hand of death. He now became more serious and thoughtful than he had hitherto been; and, during the times of recreation, his mind was continually employed in contriving some secret act of good-nature, humanity, or, what he conceived to be justice. Among many of his arrangements at this period, I shall select one, merely as an example of the rest. Several of the scholars having declared an intention to bathe in a certain large pond, at some distance from the school, which he had good reason to apprehend was of a depth, in many parts of it, which might endanger their lives, he gave a man half-a-crown to meet them there, as by chance, and to terrify them from their design by the positive information,

formation, that the piece of water was stocked with hedge-hogs.

“ His master also was indebted to an item of the same secret management for his removal from the laborious drudgery of a school, to the ease and comfort of a valuable benefice. At this time he was become a parlour boarder, and used always to dine with his master; and that gentleman being one day urged by a friend at his table, to apply for a vacant living in the neighbourhood, he declared, with a sigh, that although the preferment in question, would make him one of the happiest men in the world, he could not bring himself to ask for it, if he were even certain that it would be immediately granted to his request.

“ On this idea, our young gentleman set himself instantly to work; wrote an anonymous letter to the patron of the living; and, when night approached, hav-

ing disguised himself in the gardener's great coat, he ran two miles to deliver it at the Lodge of the Park. It was immediately forwarded to the house; and the gentleman, to whom it was addressed, read as follows:—‘Why, Sir, do you hesitate a moment, to whom you should present your vacant living?—The master of the neighbouring school possesses merit, as you well know, that deserves every thing; and at the same time is adorned with that most amiable modesty, which will not suffer him to ask for any thing.’—The singularity of this laconic epistle, happened to hit the whim of the moment; and, as the gentleman was pestered and plagued with continual applications for the benefice in question, he instantly determined to put an end, at once, to all the trouble of solicitation, by yielding to the suggestions of his anonymous correspondent; and, without communicating the why or the wherefore, the very next morning, sent the presentation,

sentation, executed in all due form, to the astonished and unsuspecting school-master.

“ While Mr. ——— was at the University, he employed the intervals of severe study, in the indulgence of this extraordinary and singular taste for secret actions. Under the veil of an apparent inattention to what was passing around him, he contrived to inform himself of every thing; and being very assiduous in prosecuting his studies, and minutely regular in all the college duties, he was the last person whom the most scrutinizing would have regarded as the author of the different anonymous notices which, from time to time, flew about the University, during his residence there: many of which were productive of private and public utility, without giving just cause of complaint to any individual whatever.

“ At this time, the leading principle of his actions was that of doing good to all,
without

without giving pain to any ; and he was so happy as to have found it, in some degree, practicable within the walls of a college :—But as he advanced in life, and had acquired a little more experience of human affairs, his disposition underwent a change ; and the desire of doing things in a secret and singular manner, predominated over every other consideration. Philanthropy now became a secondary principle with him, and humour was to be indulged, before what remained of sentiment could be gratified. He would give a crown to a beggar who only asked for a half-penny, rather from a desire to see the astonishment such a bounteous and unexpected alms would occasion, than from a reflection on the happiness it would afford to the craving mendicant. At one time he indulged the conceit of filling a pocket with slices of bread and meat, well strewed with salt, and carefully wrapped up in separate papers ; and when a beggar implored his charity, instead of money, he used to present

sent him one of these cold collations; not so much from a charitable refinement, as from a certain satisfaction he felt in observing the kind of surprise or temper with which such an unexpected boon would be received. He continued this uncommon practice till a sturdy beggar, to whom he had given a cold mutton-chop in the usual form, asked him, in a faucy tone, if he took him for a dog, that he gave him a bone? and threw it, without any ceremony, in his face.—This circumstance was the source of much quiet mirth to him at the time, and has occasionally served to amuse his fancy to the present hour. When he was in Ireland, finding a poor family by the way-side, the children of which informed him that they had never tasted meat, he bought a leg of mutton at the next town, took it himself to the cabin they inhabited, superintended the cooking of it, and having amused himself with seeing the joint devoured, he gave the mother wherewithal to buy a couple of sheep, and took his leave; satisfied rather

rather with the sight of half a dozen boys and girls eating meat for the first time, than affected with the grateful blessings which accompanied his departure.

“ In this manner did our young gentleman shape his course.—On quitting the University, he employed four years in making an inquisitive, but solitary tour, for he always travelled alone, through every part of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and their adjacent islands; and, at the conclusion of it, having attained the age of twenty-five years, he entered into possession of the estate his father had left him, and set off soon afterwards, to make a similar tour through every part of the European continent, and the nethermost borders of Asia and Africa.

“ In this tour he employed ten years; and, at the end of that period, knew more of the languages, customs, policy, commerce, arts and character of the different nations
and

and states of Europe, than any person in it. He visited the islands of the *Archipelago*, resided for some time in *Constantinople*, roved through antient *Greece*, examined the *Pyramids*, and having traversed at great hazard of his life a considerable part of the empire of *Morocco*, arrived at *Tetuan*, and passed over to *Gibraltar*, in the hope of obtaining a passage from thence, by sea, to his native country; but there not being any immediate opportunity of returning to *England*, he became impatient, and went on board a vessel bound for *Genoa*; from thence he passed through *Savoy* into *Switzerland*, where he proposed to while away a few months, and return home by the way of *France*:—But this design was also interrupted.

“The day after his arrival at *Constance*, he was seized with a fever, that was attended with very alarming symptoms, and from which his recovery was very tedious.—When he began to gain a little strength, he
went

went to lodge at the house of his physician, by whose care, and the kind attention of his beautiful daughter, he was at length restored to his former state of health and activity. This charming girl he soon after married; and, perhaps, the oddity of an English gentleman of fortune forming a matrimonial connection with the daughter of a German physician at *Constance*, might share the palm of this connubial union, with the personal charms and amiable qualifications of the young lady.

At this place he resided upwards of four years, without once quitting it, but to make an occasional and hasty trip to *Geneva*, where his letters of credit were addressed. Nor is it possible to determine how long he would have remained in this situation, if death had not dissolved his marriage.— Mrs. — had already given him two children, who scarce survived their birth; but, in bringing a third into the world, she herself quitted it for ever, and

took

took her offspring with her. Soon after this event, he purchased a small estate in the neighbourhood of *Constance*, which he gave to his father-in-law, and hastened with all possible expedition, to *England*.

“ His wife was a woman who would have been adored by most men, and she was sincerely esteemed by him. Nay, he will now, at times, in spite of all his fancies, make fast his door, and, placing a fine miniature picture of her on his table, look at, and converse with it, for an hour together: and, having indulged something like a flow of sentiment,—the predominant humour will then take its turn; when he will laugh most heartily to think that his peculiarities are placed by his relations and acquaintance to the score of his being an old bachelor, when he was, in fact, a married man upwards of four years, and had been the father of three children, as he would say to himself, such as they were.

“ On

“On his return to *England*, he seemed to all who had known him before, to have fallen, as it were, from some other planet; and he found, to his entire satisfaction, that the course of his various routes was known only as the letters of his banker had betrayed it; and that the particular circumstances of his travels were as secret as he could wish them. He avoids, as much as possible, the making any new acquaintance, and contents himself with the society of his relations; who, from a regard to his many good qualities, as well as, perhaps, some natural expectations of what he may leave behind him, are in a continual state of emulation to acquire his favour. He receives their attentions with good humour, deals out his kindness with generosity, and pleases himself with thinking how each of them, who expects a preference in his will, will be respectively disappointed, when it shall be discovered that he has made no will whatever; but has left the law to distribute his fortune in such proportions, among

among them all, as their various degrees of consanguinity may give them a right to claim.

“ When I say that he is the most learned and the best informed man of the times in which he lives, I do not mean to disparage those who enjoy the first rank in the republic of letters, as well as in the academies and cabinets of any country ; and while he is conscious of his own superiority, he finds his particular humour gratified in observing, that no one appears to have discovered that he has any claim to it. His great object, after a strict observance of the moral duties, is, to appear to be what he is not, or rather to throw an innocent veil over what he is;—and his success is equal to his wishes.

“ But he does not wrap his talents in a napkin ; all orders of men, and in almost every part of the kingdom, are by some means or other, occasionally instructed by him ;

him; and they who are at the head of it, are instructed the most. From long habit, he has acquired the art of expressing his thoughts on the most profound and complicated, as well as the most elegant subjects, with a degree of accuracy, perspicuity, and precision, that is seldom found in the composition of the best writers.

“ He purchases his writing materials as he saunters about the town, sometimes in one part of it, and sometimes in another; and when he retires to his chamber at night, after having bolted the inner door, and seen that all is fast, he indites his laconic epistles on the night-table by his bed-side, encloses them in unsuspecting envelopes, and quietly drops them into the boxes of receipt for letters, in that part of the town where his next morning's walk may lead him. But this is not all; he has acquired the art of varying the characters of his writing at pleasure, and without end: a faculty which proves extremely

extremely useful indeed, to the whimsical accomplishment of his designs.

“Ministers of every department receive from him the most curious information, as well as the most important instruction: but Ministers are so universally governed by their own passions, interests and necessities, that he has been the least useful where his suggestions are calculated to be the most beneficial. The Lawn and the Ermine are greatly indebted to him; and I will take an opportunity of shewing you a physician, who has risen into eminence by adopting the hints of this anonymous instructor. Professors of the Arts, and teachers of Science, are not without their obligations to him; and a very celebrated actor of the present age, who had received from this source a regular series of criticisms on every branch of theatrical exhibition, was tempted, again and again, to publish them as his own; and would most gladly have done it, if he could have supposed, for
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a moment, that the original writer of them would have been contented that another should steal his immortality from him.

“Nor are there any of the inferior bodies or societies of men, who are not, at some time or other indebted to him, for throwing new lights upon their respective objects, or aiding the purposes of their respective institutions. But his notices are not confined to the court or the city: they sometimes pervade, and have been of service to the distant provinces. The manufacturer has been assisted by his suggestions; and it must arise from their own obstinacy, if the farmer who cultivates the surface of the earth, and the miner who searches into the bowels of it, have not received advantage from his instructions.

“The pleasures and happiness of individuals are also the objects of his concern. If he sees a curious book upon a stall, or a valuable picture at a broker’s, he will
con-

contrive to give immediate information to some one, whose library will be enriched, or whose cabinet enhanced, by such an acquisition. It was but last week that he gave notice, in his usual way, to a celebrated collector of medals, where he might find, and acquire for a trifle, the very coins he had long sought after in vain, to compleat a most curious series of them. The antiquarian is so delighted with his acquisition, that he has made a codicil to his will, on purpose to bequeath a legacy of two hundred pounds to any person who can prove himself to be the author of this valuable intelligence. If Mr. — should, by survivorship, become acquainted with this event, it will afford him many a jovial hour.

“ As he goes every where, and observes every thing, he has frequently contrived to point out genius in obscurity, and talents that were unknown. The fairer part of the creation has sometimes, though very rarely, been favoured with his atten-

tion. He sees the irresistible predominance of fashion, and knows the human, or rather the female heart, too well to believe, that anonymous remonstrance will preponderate in the mind of youth and beauty, against the influence of personal flattery or fashionable propensity. He has, however, ventured to convey his observations on virtue, manners and taste, to the toilettes of some very distinguished females. To one lady, in particular, of very high rank, he enclosed an essay on education, to whose anonymous instructions her daughters are greatly indebted, for their acknowledged superiority among the higher orders of female youth.

“ In this manner he has employed, with very little interruption, the last ten years of his life ; and in the same manner he will continue to employ the rest of his days ; which a good constitution, a temperate mode of living and an easy mind, will help to continue to no common period ; always enjoying the solitary pleasure of doing so much,

much, and not being suspected by those with whom he lives of doing any thing.

“ If this history,” observed the Devil upon Two Sticks, “ were given to the world, it would be considered as the offspring of some fantastic invention. But I do assure you,” continued he, “ that such a character does this day exist; and that the elderly gentleman, sitting on the bench in Saint James’s Park, whom I, a few hours ago, recommended to your attention, is that unexaggerated character.

“ Having thus performed my promise,” said Asmodeus, “ and given you a portrait that the English nation alone could produce, we will now, if you please, proceed to the comedy, where a new scene of amusement and instruction will present itself before you.” Don Cleofas readily consented to the proposal; and, in a very short time, they were advantageously placed in one of the Theatres, so as to have an equal view of the audience and the actors.

CHAP. V.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

DON CLEOFAS, enchanted with the brilliant appearance of the Theatre, could not refrain from expressing the complete satisfaction he enjoyed in the contemplation of it. "This spectacle alone," he exclaimed, "is well worth the trouble of coming from *Madrid* to behold, even if I had pursued my journey in the common mode, and suffered all the inconveniencies which are experienced by common travellers. Our theatres in Spain are dungeons when compared with this: the audience here are as visible as the actors:"—"and shall be," interrupted the Demon, "as pregnant with amusement to you. The first stages were erected in tennis-courts, and by a strange, unaccountable pre-

prejudice, the greater part of Europe still preserves that inconvenient form: while, partly from œconomy, and, perhaps, to heighten the brilliance of the stage, that part of the theatre is seen, in other countries, to confine all the illumination to itself.

“ But in this country of wealth and good sense, these matters are, as you see, much better managed: though, perhaps, there never was a period when the English stage was at a lower ebb than at the present moment. It cannot boast one tragic actor of superior merit; and a single actress, whose performance you will presently witness, alone supports the dignity and pathos of the tragic scene. You will see the power that she is about to exert over this numerous and splendid audience; though it must be observed, that in the particular character which she is to perform, there are circumstances of distress so very affecting, as to give her acting a degree of influence which she does not possess in any other character.

"In comedy the stage is much better supported, though grimace actually threatens to banish that just representation of nature in which the perfection of theatrical representation consists. In short, the pure taste of former times begins to lose ground, and the tragedy which contrives to command tears, and the comedy which contrives to compel laughter, though nature has nothing to do with either, will, according to the disposition of the present day, be almost certain of the popular approbation."

"But what," exclaimed Don Cleofas, "can be the cause of this sudden uproar, which proceeds, as I think, from the gallery above us." "It is nothing more," answered Asmodeus, "than a little eruption of liberty, which proves the strength of the constitution that throws it forth. The lower classes generally occupy that part of the theatre from whence this vociferation proceeds; and the object of it, at present, is to direct the orchestra to perform

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one of those popular tunes which never fail, in this country, to charm the ear and elevate the spirits of vulgar patriotism. But the curtain rises; and I must now, if you please, direct your whole attention to the stage. As the scenes proceed, I shall, if it be necessary, just hint to you the leading circumstances of them.

“ The actress I have already mentioned to you, is at this moment making her entrance, and is received, as you hear, with the most unbounded applause from every part of the theatre. She is, as I before intimated, the most eminent tragedian of the present day; and has been honoured with a greater degree of public favour, than was ever bestowed by the English nation, on any woman in her situation. As she proceeds in her part, you will perceive the progress of her power over the audience before her. This crowded assembly which, when we first entered, looked so gay, will soon be dissolved in one universal

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versal sympathy; and that hum of pleasure, which preceded the rising of the curtain, will sink into the silence of the grave. Already you may observe, how every countenance answers to the feelings which she awakens in the heart." "Indeed," said Don Cleofas, "I myself, who am ignorant of the language she speaks, begin to feel the ascendancy of her magic powers; and if the mere tones of her voice, if her looks and gestures have such an effect upon me, I cannot be surprized at the influence she exercises over an audience, who, to the power of what they see, feel the added charm of what they hear and understand. Already I perceive many a white handkerchief preparing to be moistened with the streams whose sources she will unlock." "Women are easily affected," observed the Demon; "a little stage trick will generally command their tears; and though there is a considerable portion of it employed in this evening's exhibition, yet, when you see a large body of people, composed of the
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different sexes, and consisting of persons of every age, temper, and situation; I say, when you see such an audience as that around you, melted into a general sympathetic sorrow, it would be the most obstinate injustice not to acknowledge, that the skill which is capable of working up the scene to such an effect, is of a very superior nature.

“Observe that man dressed in black,” continued Asmodeus, “in one of the lower boxes opposite to us, who is affected with such violent emotions, that he is obliged to retire to a back-seat:—he is a great law officer, to whom any sensibility of a tender nature, has never been imputed.—He passes sentence on the devoted criminal without any apparent distress:—in pronouncing the awful fiat of rigid justice, he was never yet seen to shed a tear: nay, the execution of that solemn duty, does not check the ordinary appetite for his dinner: Nevertheless, the actress now on

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the stage, makes him shake from mental agitation."

"I verily believe," said Don Cleofas, wiping his cheeks, "that she would draw tears from the eyes of an inquisitor."—"How that might be," replied Asmodeus, "I shall not pretend to determine; but this I know, and which is of more consequence to her, she draws a very considerable income from the approbation of the public." "She loves money then, perhaps, as much as reputation," said Don Cleofas. "Much better," answered the Demon, "and continually discovers the unpleasant symptoms of a very narrow spirit; she is only great when she is acting; the lady is little enough when she returns to herself. But, perhaps, she may foresee, what will one day happen, that she will perform to those benches alone, which are now so covered with admiring spectators, and therefore is determined to make the most of popular favour while it lasts. The public naturally become fatigued with

with the repetition of excellence itself. This lady has a brother also, who, without scarcely a natural qualification to make a good actor, considers himself as one of the first theatrical performers in the world; and has, besides, got possession of an idea, that his critical knowledge of the stage is equal to his acting. His sister, unfortunately, is of the same opinion; and by submitting to his judgment, she is daily diminishing the excellence she had attained by the guidance of her own.

“The actor who performs the principal part with her, is a man of education and aimable manners; who, without possessing the first class of theatrical talents, is a sensible, an useful, and leading performer; though his better parts are in the line of comedy. His theatrical character, meets with the approbation of the public; and his conduct, as a private individual, has rendered him estimable in the opinion of all who know him. As for

those who fill up the under parts of the piece, they are not worthy of our attention, either for their public merits, or their private virtues; and I will not withdraw your attention from the performance, by any further interruption."

The play being, at length, concluded, the Demon desired Don Cleofas to direct his observation to a very handsome woman in the stage-box. "That is," said Asmodeus, "a married lady of quality, who is a most lovely pattern of conjugal affection; nevertheless, malice had contrived to insert, in one of the public papers, a most scandalous and disgraceful charge of infidelity to her lord. Her innocence did not protect her from that envy of her sex, which, like its shadow, waits upon superior beauty; and the fabrication served, for a short time, to furnish malignity with its daily meal; but though the wretched invention was soon forgotten, and the publishers of it severely punished, she has not yet entirely recovered

recovered her former flow of spirits; and it will be long, perhaps, before she will be able to smother the remembrance of an event, which is scarce to be found in any memory but her own.

“ In the next box is a lady who should sacrifice liberally to fortune, if the gifts of that capricious goddess were always accompanied with any thing like a solid prosperity. She was a kitchen servant, out of place, who happened to sit down on a bench in St. James’s Park, at the very moment when a rich, whimsical knight, enraged at the unfriendly conduct of his relations towards him, took the same seat, with a determination to ask the hand of the first woman to whom chance might give him an opportunity of making a proposal. A conversation immediately took place between them, and the matrimonial offer was no sooner made than accepted! the next morning saw it completed; and the culinary damsel entered at once into the possession of wealth, honours,

honours, and an husband. To heighten the chagrin of his relations, the Knight encouraged his bride in all the extravagance of dress and equipage, with which, for some time, she astonished and amused the town; and, at his death, which happened in a very few years after her marriage, she found herself the legatee of every thing which it was in his power to bequeath. The poor servant-maid, passing through the eclat of a splendid wife, was now become a very wealthy widow. The relations of her late husband, however, instituted a claim to what she possessed, and threatened to pursue their pretended rights with all the vexations of the law. Ignorant as she was of the world, and alarmed at the menaces of these people, she sought protection in the arms of a dissipated man of family; who, by becoming her husband, acquired the right of defending her property from the attacks which were made upon it; and having succeeded in confirming the legal possession to her, he very naturally took possession

session of it himself, and very unceremoniously exercised the power he had obtained over it, by applying it to the purposes of his own convenience, and the gratification of his own pleasures. Her life has since been such as might be naturally expected in a person whose mind is uninformed, and whose inclinations are unrestrained; and, in the opinion of most people, her title excepted, it will end pretty nearly as it began.

“ In the box adjoining,” continued Astmodeus, “ there are a young lady and a gentleman, who, by their attentions to each other, might be taken for a pair of cooing lovers; or, at least, an enamoured couple, who were married but yesterday. They are, however, nothing more than brother and sister, who live together in the most uninterrupted harmony of brotherly and sisterly affection. He is a good-natured, fiddle-faddle man of fortune, with a very weak constitution; who, having been educated in the dressing-room of his mother, is now transferred

transferred to that of his sister; to whose influence he is tamely submissive, and by whose gentle counsels he will be persuaded to settle upon her the reversion of his whole fortune; that she may marry, and produce those heirs to the family, which she has, by some means or other, prevailed on him to imagine, that he is not able to procure for himself.

“ The gentleman who is almost asleep upon the seat behind them, has what is called a renter’s share in this theatre, which gives him a free admittance into any part of it:—and though he has not a glimmering of taste, or the least inclination for theatrical performances, and no knowledge whatever of theatrical merit, he never fails to occupy a seat here every evening, for no other reason in the world, but because he can have it for nothing.

“ That showy young lady, with brilliant sparkling about her head-dress, in the corner box, is the wife of a worthy, industrious, and

and flourishing merchant; and though she is the daughter of an oilman, in Thames-street, is never happy but when she is passing, as she thinks, for a woman of fashion, in a side-box at the play-house. But, according to the original constitution of things, all human happiness is imperfect, and her temporary consequence is interrupted by the reflection, that she must return to the vicinity of the Royal Exchange; where she will carry with her a load of discontent, to trouble the peace of an husband, who wishes to indulge her in every thing, but the quitting a business which is making him rich in the city, for pride, poverty, and contempt at the west-end of the town.

The elderly lady, whose eyes are red with weeping, and whose agitated spirits require the calming aid of the smelling-bottle, has plenty of tears to spare for a scene of fictitious sorrow,—while her heart is hardened by pride against the real and severe sufferings of an amiable daughter; whom she suffers

fers to languish in a garret, unpitied and unassisted, because she married a worthy young man in a situation of life inferior to her own.

“But I wish you to inform me,” said Don Cleofas, “concerning a very beautiful woman in the box over that of the fair citizen, whose hat is as finely decorated with feathers, as the head of a Mexican princess.” “Alas!” answered the Demon, “the beauty you so much admire,—the feathers that nod on her brow, and the tawdry dress she has on, are none of her’s. The first is borrowed of art, and the rest is hired to tempt the gain of the evening. All the treasure she possessed was expended to purchase the seat she now occupies; and, if the lure should fail, she must return her decorations to their usurious owner, and be left without the means of purchasing a candle to light her to her garret. But she is only one among a little army of meretricious amazons, who have taken their posts in every part of the theatre, in order to make their attacks upon the passions
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of the young, and the folly of the old, of the other sex; numbers of whom frequent these places for no other purpose but to meet the enemy; not with a view to combat, but to be vanquished, and even to purchase the nocturnal chains of a mercenary mistress.— But we must return,” continued Asmodeus, “from the audience to the actors. The after-piece is on the point of commencing; and you will soon perceive that the crowd of spectators, who were so lately melted into tears by the tragic muse, will be bursting with laughter at the frolic efforts of her comic sister. “And so much,” said Don Cleofas, smiling, “for the boasted morality of the drama.”

“I comprehend you perfectly well,” replied Asmodeus; “you are of opinion that all idea of moral improvement is overturned, by suffering the ribaldry of farce to succeed the gravity of tragedy:—But this is not all;—so much apprehension do the conductors of theatrical amusements entertain
of

of the danger of virtuous impressions from the tragic muse, that between the acts of the best tragedies, the dance, which is, at best, but a lascivious object, is frequently introduced." "And your good friends, the high-plumed Amazons," said Don Cleofas, "they, I fear, are not very aptly formed to aid the good effects of theatrical instruction."

"Your sarcasm," answered the Demon, "is not wholly misapplied. The theatre is generally considered as a school of wholesome instruction, and a place of rational entertainment; and as a theoretic description, the opinion may not be ill-founded; but, taken in all its practical circumstances, and daily consequences, I, who may arrogate to myself some knowledge of the matter do not hesitate to declare, that the theatres are, very generally speaking, the schools of seduction; and where the cunning of the scene has produced *one* example of averting the influence of vice, or confirming

firming the energy of virtue, I do most readily assert, that the ribaldry, and what is called the wit of the stage, with all the accessory circumstances of the place, have corrupted innocent minds, without number, and seduced the passions of thousands into the dangerous courses of irregular life. But the opening scene now demands your attention.

“ The young woman who occupies it, possesses somewhat of a genteel figure, and is rather a favourite with the public :— Though her popularity does not proceed so much from any very great merit of her own, as from her being the best performer this theatre affords in her line of acting, which is that of the woman of fashion. The utmost efforts of education are requisite to give to those of high birth and great fortune, the ease and dignity belonging to their station ; and even they do not always acquire it. How then can it be expected that a girl, who might be born in a barn,
and

and whose school has been a strolling company of comedians, can attain what the most unremitted pains, and the continual association with elegant life, cannot always procure? This actress, however, would please more if she affected less; but this affectation rather increases than lessens.—It is, indeed, a part of herself, and not of any character she performs, and arises from being eternally dangled after by a married man of quality, who is separated from his wife. Nor does this ideal importance terminate here: for, either from the suggestions of her own silly vanity, or the promises of his Lordship's passion, she possesses a certain expectation, whenever he shall lose his Countess, of succeeding to the coronet.

“But for real comic powers,—for life, spirit and fun,—for a just, discriminating representation of female foible and folly, the actress who has just set the audience in a roar, possesses an unrivalled eminence.—

The

The charming, unaffected humour which she gives to the scene, is but the counterpart of that easy pleasantry with which she enlivens the society of her private friends, and heightens the native colouring of her private virtues. Nature has endued her with the power to please; and, whether on the stage or by her own fire-side, she never swerves from the laws of her kind benefactress. She is one, among the very few women of her profession, who have passed through the fiery ordeal of a theatre, with the well-merited honour of an unsullied reputation.

“ The actor who has just entered upon the stage, has been a long and meritorious favourite of the town. In his walk of comedy, and it is rather universal, he is the first of his profession. In all his parts he contrives to please, but in some particular characters, he never was excelled, and has been very rarely equalled.

“ As

“As for the rest,—though most of them possess some degree of subordinate merit, they do not deserve a particular attention. The class of inferior players forms, in general, a troop of the most jovial, abandoned and debauched people in the nation, from a review of whose lives, a mind like your’s would derive neither amusement or instruction.” “But will you not,” said Don Cleofas, “now the play is over, afford me a peep behind the curtain;” “By no means,” answered the Demon; “I do not wish to unfold a scene of depravity to you, which a moderate Devil, like myself, cannot look upon without amazement.—In your catholick church,” continued he, “comedians are denied the privilege of sepulture in what is called holy ground; and if you were as well acquainted with them as I am, you would not think this superstition so ill-founded as many others.

“Political writers, and our fraternity is much obliged to them, have urged the necessity of theatrical amusements, for the general

moral benefit of civilized governments:—
But, political and moral benefits are continually at variance; for let the defenders of the stage say what they may,—I repeat it, as an indisputable truth,—that there is no place which is so completely calculated for sowing the first seeds of evil in the mind, and which offers to the passions so many and such ready temptations, as the theatres, in their present state of regulation. The song, the dance, and the scene, are studiously formed to call forth, to captivate and inflame the more dangerous passions, while the whole neighbourhood of the theatre is a public, market for the grossest gratification of them. I shall only detain you a few minutes longer, to recommend that old man to your notice, who is passing slowly down the pit, leaning upon the arm of a youth who is his grandson.

“This man is the son of an artisan in the country, and was bred to the business of his father; but possessing a mind super-

rior to his station, and having involved himself in difficulties from relieving the distresses of others, he found it necessary, as a refuge from his own, to come up to *London*, where he enlisted in one of the King's regiments of foot-guards. At that time it was a custom to admit persons behind the scenes of the theatre during the performance, and to preserve order, a soldier was placed against the frontispiece on each side of the stage. This man being one of the theatrical-centinels of the evening, was so affected at some part of the tragedy then in representation, that he burst into tears.—This very unusual circumstance caught the attention of the house; and if this remarkable instance of sensibility had only produced a momentary applause, it would have passed off, and been soon forgotten: But it so happened, that, among the spectators, there were some who thought it disgraceful in a soldier to weep, and had not the understanding to know, or sentiment to feel, that courage and compassion
are

are associate virtues. They therefore interrupted the applause bestowed on his humane feelings, by a loud and obstinate hiss of disapprobation, which brought on an animated contest between the applauding and disapproving parties, that continued with so much violence, as to induce the officer of the guard to relieve the centinel; so that the circumstance became a subject of public notoriety.— A gentleman who was a witness of this interesting scene, was so affected at the burst of sentiment which the foldier displayed, that he made the most particular enquiries concerning him; and was so well satisfied with the information he received, that he purchased his discharge, and not only supplied the means of setting him up in the business wherein he had been bred, but by his recommendations, added to the man's own industry, made it the source of a very plentiful subsistence to him. This business he has, some time since, resigned to his son, and lives upon the savings of his former

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labour

labour. He has, however, never forgotten the circumstance to which he owes his present comfort,—and as the opportunity offered, has never failed to visit the play-house; when he has always regarded the spot where he once stood as a sentinel, with a degree of sensibility which does him equal honour with that which made his fortune.—He is now, as you may perceive, grown old and feeble; but while he has sufficient strength, he will continue, occasionally to attend the Theatre, with the devotion of a pilgrim, who returns again and again to the altar whose guardian power he believes to have been propitious to him.

“But it is now time for us to be gone,” added the Demon; and we will if you please, change the mimic scenes of the stage, for those of real life.—Before you return to your hotel, I will expose to your view a few of those which are now performing in the immediate neighbourhood of this place.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

*What the DEVIL upon TWO STICKS shewed
DON CLEOFAS in the Vicinity of the
Theatre.*

THEY had no sooner quitted the Play-house, than the Demon, taking his friend by the arm, mounted with him to the top of an house in the adjoining street, where they were very commodiously placed to command a view of whatever was going forward in that quarter.

“I see a very singular kind of *tête-à-tête*,” said Don Cleofas, “in a room on the first floor of the opposite house, between a smart, well-dressed woman, and an elderly gentleman, of a plain, but very decent appearance.—Their conversation appears to be of such a serious nature, that I should imagine they had been at the Theatre which

we have just left, and were considering the various affecting circumstances of the tragedy which was there represented." "The business that occupies their attention," interrupted Asmodeus, "has somewhat of a tragical catastrophe mingled with it; tho' I am disposed to believe, that it will convey a comical image or two to your fancy. The gentleman is a very respectable merchant, whose credit is equal to the first of those who tread the Exchange of *London*. He has been a widower many years—preserves a very formal exterior in his manners—goes to church twice every Sunday, and is continually warning his young acquaintance of the danger of seduction, and the wickedness of the age. But all his piety and moral wisdom does not restrain him from now and then, paying a quiet visit to the snug little brothel in which you now see him,—and where he nas, this evening, met with an old acquaintance, whom he little expected to see in such a place, and who could not suppose it to be written in
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the chapter of possibilities, that she should be introduced to him, on such an occasion. On entering the room, she stopped short on seeing him, and could not help exclaiming, in a tone of the utmost amazement, 'Heaven bless me,—is it possible, ' Sir, that it can be you?'—When he replied, with equal surprize, 'Heaven bless ' me Nanny ! is it possible that it can be you?—However, they were both very soon convinced that their eye-sight, at least, did not deceive them. To explain this matter," continued the Demon, " you must know, that Nanny had lived upwards of three years as a servant-maid, with this worthy gentleman; and as she was young and well liking, he had often casted an eye of concupiscence upon her; but her demeanour was, at all times, so perfectly modest and discouraging, that he was afraid to risque the character he supported, in making any amorous proposals to her. On the other hand,—Nanny, who never made her master's bed but she wished to partake of it,

was so convinced of his austere virtue, and the regular, well-controuled arrangement of his passions, that she never dared to throw out the leering lure of invitation to him, for fear of being instantaneously turned out of his doors. Tired, however, of the sober, uncheery life she led in his family,—Nanny, at length, quitted his service, and with a little secret assistance from a journeyman packer in the neighbourhood, quickly got rid of that chastity with which she had been so long, and so unwillingly burthened. From that period she has supported herself by the sale of her charms; and, this night, the hypocrite maid, and the hypocrite master, were destined to come to a full explanation with each other, on their secret merits;—and they are, at this moment, mutually lamenting that they should, both of them, be such complete ideots as to have passed three years under the same roof, and in a state of daily communication, without having discovered each others real inclinations.—But the more melancholy part
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of the story rests with the old gentleman; for the three years of Nanny's servitude with him, formed a very critical part of his life; and since they separated, age has come so fast upon him, that his visits to this quarter of the town, manifest rather the depravity of his passions, than the power of gratifying them.

“ But with respect to depravity,” continued Asmodeus, “ the room on the ground-floor of the same house affords an exhibition that almost shocks your humble servant.—The groupe of wanton harlots, who are dancing about the room in every kind of lascivious attitude, are thus employed to amuse the gentleman who sits in a corner of it, and occasionally claps his hands, as a token of applause, when any particular or adroit stroke of indecency is committed or uttered; for they are all singing as well as dancing; and the language of their song is in perfect unison with the motions of their bodies. He is a foreign minister,

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minister, who is fond of diverting himself in this depraved and abandoned manner, with the most depraved and abandoned women that can be procured for the purpose. "But, in the name of wonder!" exclaimed Don Cleofas, "what can be the next feat they are commanded to perform?—for, if my eyes do not deceive me, they are all preparing, without the least ceremony, to strip off every garment that helps to cover them." "Your sight," replied the Demon, "is true to its purpose;—for his libidinous Excellence is going to finish his evening's regale, by seeing whether the lascivious agility of his figurantes will not be encreased when they repeat the dance, as naked as they were born." "I am amazed that the fiddler himself," said Don Cleofas, "can support such a spectacle of obscenity; but I suppose, poor fellow, that necessity has familiarized him to these shocking scenes; or that the bribe is proportioned to the disgrace of administering to them." "Do not be alarmed, I beseech you," answered Asmodeus,

modeus, " for the feelings of the musician. There is a delicacy in the business, which perhaps you may not suspect,—the fiddler, employed by his Excellency on these occasions, is a blind one.

" But permit me," continued he, " to transfer your attention to two young women in an upper room of the next house, who have just been performing a strange and cruel sacrifice at the altar of libidinous passion. The favourite lover of one of them, to whom she is attached by affection as well as interest, has been so long absent in the country, that she is afflicted with the most alarming doubts concerning his return and his fidelity. To hasten the former, and to preserve the latter, she has had recourse to a superstitious rite, which the violence and weakness of hope and fear appear to have borrowed from what is recorded of the philtres and love-potions of the darker ages. For this purpose, a live pigeon has been cut open, its panting heart

was then taken from the reeking breast, and after being transfix'd with pins, cast into the fire and consumed. They are still pale from the working up of this cruel charm; not so much from the barbarity of the business, as the idea that it is a diabolical invention: for the Devil, as you well know, is the very convenient personage to whose fertile spirit of discovery mankind are so obliging as to attribute their follies as well as their crimes. However, to such strange arts and curious spells do these wretched, ignorant females have recourse, to encourage that hope which is their only support, and is continually threatening to abandon them. For, among the most licentious of these unhappy women, there are many who possess such a rooted affection for a particular object, that the idea of losing his regard, distresses them beyond expression, though they encounter all the inconveniencies of their wretched and fortuitous life with the most depraved insensibility: while there are others of the same class,

class, in whom pride, rivalry, and interest, produce apprehensions of equal misery. Hence it is, that a life of continual fear, and which possesses no resource from the exercise of reason, begets the anxious superstition which makes hourly applications to signs and tokens, to the oracles of cards and advertising fortune-tellers, and, sometimes, to such strange ceremonies as I have just described, in order to sooth the harassed and debilitated mind with the shadows of consolation. Not that this species of folly is wholly confined to this class of people:—there are those, in the more honourable ranks of life, who are, at times, affected with similar weakness; some amusing examples of which I shall discover to you, before we have finished our career through this metropolis.” “Nevertheless,” said Don Cleofas, smiling, “this nation is the most enlightened upon the face of the globe! It is in the power of your logic alone, my good friend, to reconcile such a character with the account
you

you have just given me.” “Your disposition to make a sarcastic observation,” replied the Demon, “outruns your judgment; and to restore the latter, I must beg leave to inform you, that human infirmity is as universal as the human race, and that even the wisdom of man is only a lesser degree of weakness. But it may be proper for me to observe, in my turn, by way of illustration, that while, in your country, the most miserable superstition is seen triumphant, at all times, and in all places; while it lives in your churches, frequents your palaces, visits the chambers of your coquettes, mingles with the studies of your philosophers, and with the wisdom of your wise men; while it is found in your streets and highways,—while your nation gives to it the character and sacred sanction of religion,—these forms of it which I have mentioned, are here applied to only by the weak, the ignorant, and the wretched; and even these applications are made in secrecy and silence; nor would the veriest wretch who makes
her

her doubtful appeal to them, acknowledge, without a blush, that she had any confidence in them.

“ But let me now,” continued Asmodeus, “ request you to look into the first-floor of the house adjoining.” “ I see,” said Don Cleofas, “ a young woman of an engaging appearance, who is opening a basket with the most eager impatience.— Her mourning dress becomes her, and is put on, I presume, to decorate a temporary widowhood, which the fated passion of some fickle gallant may have occasioned.” “ You never were more mistaken in your life, than in this conjecture,” answered the Demon, “ her lover is constancy itself, and continually risks the being turned out of his father’s doors, to say no worse, in order to court her favour.

“ He is the son of a capital inn-keeper in the city, whose house is a very eminent receptacle for public vehicles of every kind,

kind, from various parts of the kingdom; and from these the young man is continually purloining some delicacy or other for her table: not a week passes, but some honest citizen is disappointed at the failure of an expected present from the country; while servants are as often discharged for neglect or roguery by the astonished inn-keeper, who suspects everybody about him of these petty thefts but the real thief. The basket which you have seen opened, contains a fine piece of venison, for which the stomach of a voracious Alderman is craving in vain. As for the lady's dress, it derives its colour from a cause which would baffle even your happy spirit of conjecture. You must know then, that their Majesties have lately lost a German cousin, and the Lord Chamberlain's orders for mourning at the Court of St. James's, are most regularly obeyed in the courts of Drury-lane."

"Well," said Don Cleofas, "this self-same love is a most wonder-working genius;

nus; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, he is playing another of his games in that room with yellow furniture, where a young lady, leaning on a table, alternately contemplates and kisses the picture of her lover; and as she appears to be dissolved in sorrow, I am afraid that the object of her affection is either absent or faithless.”—

“Your conjectures of late,” answered Asmodeus, “have not been fortunate, and this is in the same predicament.

Though the unhappy person who is the object of your present attention, inhabits a quarter of the town peculiarly consecrated to the votaries of the licentious passions, and has herself been the wretched victim of them, there is more real goodness in her heart, and a more enlarged capacity for virtue in her character, than is to be found in many of those who possess the blessing of reputation, because they have never experienced the application of those delusive arts, which render an effectual resistance against temptation.

tation, the most arduous effort of female resolution.

“ The picture she holds in her hand, at the sight of which she weeps with such deep sorrow, and presses with such lively emotion to her lips, is the portrait of her father, and was his last gift.—He was a clergyman, of rare learning, and uncommon excellence; but his preferment in the church was too moderate, his benevolence too extensive, and his life too short, to allow him to make an independent provision for his daughter. He had, by the interest of an eminent *London* merchant, who had purchased an estate in his parish, obtained an employment for his son in the *East Indies*, and his daily prayer to Heaven was, that he might live to see his daughter settled in some way or other that might promise a life of virtue. But this petition of his heart was not granted; and he was taken away when a friendless state is most dangerous to female youth.

Believing

Believing that his last moments drew nigh, he called his daughter to his bedside, and giving her the picture which is now the object of her mournful contemplation;—‘Take,’ said he, ‘this resemblance of your dying father; it hung from the neck of your mother till she was taken from me; and if, when you regard it, it should recall to your mind the counsels of this affecting hour, it may prove, with the assistance of Heaven, a kind of talisman, to preserve you from the paths of error, and keep you firm in the ways of virtue.’ Without entering into a further detail, the instructions which he had continually given her through life, were such as immediately preceded his death. The worthy man died in the comfortable hope that they would avail to preserve his child; and weeping over his bier, she made a solemn vow, in spite of all distress, and every temptation, to obey them.—But what are the vows of youth, sensibility, and inexperience, in such a world as this!—they enabled

enabled her, indeed, to make seduction a long and a difficult task, but they could not finally preserve her from it.

“ She had, however, remained upwards of a year in the family of an opulent farmer, the friend and parishioner of her father, who had kindly promised that he would take care of her, and her little fortune, till some fair opportunity offered of settling her in the world; when the son of the *London* merchant who had provided for her brother in the *East Indies*, came down into the country to take possession of the estate which, I have already observed, his father, who was lately dead, had purchased in the place where she lived. He saw the young lady, was smitten with her beauty, and determined to employ every means that his passion could suggest, to seduce her. For this purpose a thousand arts were employed, and baffled; as many offers were made, and rejected: at length, after a long and fruitless pursuit, he

he proposed a secret marriage, to which she was persuaded to consent. Indeed, the marriage was so secret, that no person legally qualified to perform the ceremony was present at it; for among those who assisted at this fraudulent union, she alone was pure in heart who was to be the victim of it.

“ When this stratagem had succeeded, she was easily deceived into his views of living in retirement; in which situation she remained in a mingled state of anxiety and contentment, till his public marriage with another, opened her eyes upon the melancholy state of disgrace in which his arts and her own credulity had involved her. The embassadors who had been appointed by her betrayer to announce this dreadful information, and who had been previously introduced to her acquaintance, for that and other wicked purposes, was a woman who, having been long engaged in the trade of administering to licentious
plea-

pleasures, possessed all those arts which are so often, and with so much success employed to seduce female virtue. These arts she did not fail to exert, when the unfortunate young woman sunk into that state of affliction, which might be supposed to possess her tender and honest heart, from the barbarous treatment of the man she loved,—the mortification her pride must feel from such a cruel deception,—and the sensibility of a virtuous mind for the loss of virtue.

To heighten the misery of her situation, she was abandoned by her seducer, not only to dishonour, but to want; and in this state of distress, there was no one but this infamous woman to whom she could apply for counsel or assistance. To her, therefore, she made application, and in her house she was invited to find the asylum of friendship; when, after a certain period, set apart for the forms and artifice of consolation, the unfortunate victim discovered that she was gradually forming for a life of prostitution. Without a single ray of
hope

hope to gleam on her future prospect,—not knowing what to do, or where to go, with tears streaming from her eyes, and despair agitating her heart, she told her miserable history to a gentleman; who, though he was not introduced to her to hear a melancholy tale, was so affected by that which she related, that he persuaded her, as a far lesser evil of the two, to quit the place where she then was, and to accept a conditional protection from him, which he has since afforded her; and she now resides where you see her, supported by him with some degree of tenderness and generosity. But still she is wretched beyond expression, and has frequently approached the resolution of applying to self-destruction as the desperate cure for her woes: and were it not for the portrait of her father which, as she devoutly contemplates it, seems to inspire her with patience to bear her misery a little longer, she would have already been the victim of her own despair.

“ But

“ But I will comfort you, my friend,” continued Asmodeus, “ with the assurance that her present sufferings are drawing nigh to a period. Her brother, whom the accumulated arts of her betrayer had represented as being dead, will shortly arrive in *England* from the *East-Indies*, with the acquisition of great wealth, and without the loss of his early virtues. His fraternal kindness will snatch her from her present miserable situation, and gild the retirement to which she will devote her future life, with all the happiness her wounded spirit will be able to enjoy.

“ But is there no punishment,” exclaimed Don Cleofas ; “ in this enlightened country, for such base betrayers of innocence ? ” “ There is none,” answered the Demon, adequate to the offence ;—and the brother of this injured young lady, however ardent he may be for revenge, will leave it to the hand of heaven, rather than, by an actual and avowed exercise of it, expose his sister’s disgrace

disgrace to the curious notice, and unfeeling eye of the public.--For though you may think, and with great justice, that such an history should be made known, to cover the author of it with the most indelible shame, it is an act of real prudence,—in regard to the unfortunate lady,—to let the guilty transaction remain in its present state of secrecy; that her retreat may not be intruded upon by the inconsiderate and busy calumny of a prying and unpitying world. But as I perceive your great uneasiness that such a villain should escape punishment, be assured, my friend, that the scourge of more than human punishment will overtake him: and I faithfully promise you, that, within a few days, the spirit of justice which ever so nobly actuates your mind, with respect to this man, shall be fully satisfied.

“But to change the subject a little:—
What think you of the scene which is acting in the upper story of the corner house,
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to the left of us." "There is embracing with a vengeance," answered Don Cleofas; "the Lady is in actual raptures; and as the gentleman appears to be in the dress of a traveller, I presume that he is returned from the country, after a long and tedious absence." "He is, indeed, returned from the country," said the Demon; "his absence, however, has only been for a few hours; and his journey, but a few miles round the metropolis. Nevertheless, in the course of it, he has contrived to ease the passengers in four stage-coaches, and as many post-chaises, besides a few solitary horsemen of their watches and money. He is no less than a very notorious highwayman; and the faithful nymph's raptures proceed from having a principal part of the spoil thrown into her lap. As for the man himself, she has such a fond and rooted affection for him, that after having passed the night in his arms, she will hasten to give the police such information concerning him, that he will be very shortly taken, condemned and

and hanged: and so distant is her tender nature from feeling any remorse or compunction on the occasion, that she will read the account of his last dying speech and confession, with the same *sang froid* with which she has perused those of several others of her gallants, whom she has, in the same manner, caressed and betrayed.

“That gay Miss, in the adjoining house, is one of the mistresses of an old Dutch Merchant, famous in his day, for his expensive gallantries; and who will preserve some remains of his former character to the end of this chapter.—“Does the old gentleman then,” said Don Cleofas, “lean a little to the doctrine of Mahomet, and keep a seraglio?”—“He confines himself,” answered Asinodeus, “to three sultanas, besides his wife. Two of them are supported in different degrees of elegance, in opposite parts of the town; and the third at a small villa, a few miles in the country. The day of love is past with him, and he

now amuses himself with the whimsical idea of making each of his ladies believe that she possesses an unrivalled power in his heart; and when he visits them all, which he frequently does in the course of the same day, he hugs himself in the dearly purchased and idle belief, that they are individually ignorant of his other connexions; and, therefore, extremely careful to preserve the happiness of his protection. This flattering deception satisfies the old dupe, while each of his damsels maintains a favourite gallant at his expence. His wife, who flatters him also with appearing to be ignorant of his manoeuvres, contrives to solace herself, in his absence, with the tender visits of a young West-India merchant."

"But what a scene of confusion do I see in the house adjoining," said Don Cleofas. "It is a pleasant comedy enough," answered the Demon; "a sober exemplary young man, paying an evening visit to a
little

little secret mistress, has discovered his old, lecturing, hypocritic father, whom the last faint flame of a libidinous passion had led to the same place, gasping for breath in the unavailing retreat of a cloaths press.—This very expected rencontre, occasions, you may perceive, no small confusion among the parties. But after a little altercation, the father and son will shake hands, agree to keep the business a profound secret, and return home together the best friends in the world.

“And now, if you please my dear Sir,” continued Asmodeus, “we will do the same; but with somewhat more expedition.”—Don Cleofas had scarce expressed his consent, when he found himself safely landed at the door of his hotel.

C H A P. VII.

The DEVIL upon TWO STICKS conducts DON CLEOFAS into the City: An Account of what he shews him there.

A VERY particular commission had so engaged the Devil upon Two Sticks, that it was noon before he could return to the service of his friend.—“ You are arrived most opportunely,” said Don Cleofas, on seeing him enter his chamber, “ to dissipate the alarms I was beginning most seriously to entertain both for you and myself.” “ I am in no danger here,” answered Asmodeus, “ but from the malice of my own brethren, in case I should interfere with their particular departments—envy and jealousy being the leading passions of our fraternity; but while we remain together,

together, you may rest assured of my prudence and precaution. You must know, however, my good friend, that the particular business of my ministry is not carried on in England with such expedition as in your country, or indeed, in any other part of Europe. In France, the women scarce embarrass themselves at all about resigning their conjugal fidelity:—It is not the how and the when, but the whom, which gives them a moment's uneasiness—so that I have nothing to do, but to bring an agreeable object before them, and the business is completed. You know the facility of these arrangements in Spain as well as myself; but in this cold climate of reason and good sense, the task of undermining the fabric of female-virtue is oftentimes extremely difficult.—Ever since I parted from you, I have been renewing my endeavours to destroy one of these little fortifications; in which attempt I have been hitherto so unsuccessful, and see so little probability of attaining my ends, that if I had

not received directions from a superior power to continue my operations, I should without hesitation raise the siege.

“The lady’s name is *Amanda*; her husband, whom she was persuaded by her parents to marry when she was very young, treats her with neglect. She sees and feels it, but acts as if she was, what I must acknowledge she well deserves to be, the object of his most faithful affection.—This, however, is not all:—There is a most amiable and accomplished gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, whose name is *Sempronius*, for whom she has long entertained a much greater regard than she herself suspects. She little thinks what the real state of her mind is, when she frequently says, in the secret moments of her distress, ‘Alas! if I had been married to such a man as *Sempronius*, how happy should I have been.’ He is also deeply enamoured of her; but such is his opinion of her virtue,

tue, that though the impulsive moment of ardent passion does arise, he dare not expose it, even to the most distant suspicion, lest it should banish him for ever from the friendship of an heart that he highly values, and which he believes to be impregnable to the more tender solicitations. This was a scene, as you will readily perceive, in which I was formed to take a very active part:—Both parties appeared to want a little of my assistance, and I was prepared to give it, to the full extent of my power.”

“ At this time Amanda’s husband is gone into the country, and has taken a little vulgar drab of a mistress along with him. Of this mortifying circumstance I took care, by the aid of a good-natured female friend, that she should be fully informed; and yesterday evening, when Sempronius drank tea with her, I had contrived that he should appear more amiable in her sight than he had ever done before. In short, I now began to entertain the hope that ano-

ther meeting of this kind would complete the business.—However, that no aid might be wanting on my part, I passed the night by her bed-side; and while I alternately raised her passions, and alarmed her pride, I presented the form of Sempronius continually to her fancy. In an amorous dream, which I also inspired, she saw him at her feet, and acknowledged the force of her passion for him.

In the morning she arose, agitated and unhappy, and the first object that she saw on her dressing table, was a billet from Sempronius, dictated by me, which proposed, in terms of more than common animation, to repeat the *tête-à-tête* of the preceding evening. She opened it with some emotion,—read it twice, threw it, after a moment's hesitation, into the fire, and formed an immediate resolution to receive no visitor whatever but her near relations, during her husband's absence. She then rang the bell with some violence, and gave the most positive orders for that
pur-

purpose. 'Though I was surprized, I did not despair, till I saw the sun-shine of virtue beam on her countenance, and heard her order her breakfast to be taken up into the nursery, that she might partake it with her children.

“At this moment I flew to you, to renew our daily perigrination.” “Well,” said Don Cleofas, “many and great as my obligations are to my friend, I cannot but express a most sincere satisfaction that this amiable woman has escaped him.”—“But, if you had been Sempronius,” said the Demon, “what would then be your opinion?”—“Why, then,” answered Don Cleofas, “I should be deeply in love, and fit for a Devil to work upon. Nevertheless, with all my sensibility to the sarcasm of your question, I would willingly make a long pilgrimage to see the woman who has so completely got the better of you.” “Within these few days,” replied Asmodeus, “you shall enjoy that pleasure without the trouble of such a journey:—

At present, we will, if you please, proceed on our morning's tour, and see what amusement the busy scene of mercantile life will afford you.

“That superb building,” said Asmodeus as they passed along the Strand, “contains a nest of public offices. But it will interest us only as a part of it is devoted to the Royal Academy of painting and sculpture. At present, however, I shall pass it by, with a promise to introduce you to the first public meeting of the artists who compose it. That assembly will be found to contain some interesting and singular characters among the painters of this country; which I shall not fail to expose in colours equal to their own.

“That gate before us,” continued he, as they proceeded on their walk, “is called Temple Bar. It forms the limits between the cities of *London* and *Westminster*; and when the King goes at any time, in state,
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into the city, this gate is shut, till the officers who precede his Majesty have made a formal demand of admission. This miserable remnant of useless pride, affords the only reason that can be assigned for the folly of the corporation of *London*, in suffering it to remain a daily, and even a dangerous obstruction to the principal entrance into their city. It has only served to expose the heads of traitors, which were fixed on poles erected on the top of it. But there is no reason whatever to suppose that it will again be adorned with similar trophies of national justice. The people of this country are now too united and too happy to rebel.— They enjoy the liberty of speaking their sentiments, on all political subjects; and individuals may grumble and complain without reserve, if they feel any public measures unpleasant to themselves: but such displeasure, though sometimes loud, is always partial, and soon evaporates. There are ambitious men in this country, as there
have

have been in every other; who, with great talents, possess an ardent love of power: those men have their adherents, who, without principle and without fortune, attach themselves to their leaders, in the hope of aiding their elevation to high station, and sharing in the emoluments of it. Such men may form a party who will thwart the wisest measures of government, and oppose even the best interests of their country, to drive, if possible, a ministry from their posts, in order that they may be called to fill them. But influenced as they may be, by such an audacious passion as ambition, or goaded by such an impelling principle as necessity, they well know that it would prove the destruction of all their prospects, if they were to venture beyond the limits of that good order which is a constituent part of true liberty.

“ But to put an end to our political moralizing—let me intreat you to observe, how well furnished all these shops appear
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to be with goods of every sort, and purchasers of every kind. What animation in the looks, and activity in the motions of those who are employed in the service of them. It may surprize you, perhaps, but small as these houses may appear to you, the annual rent of many of them would give pomp, as well as plenty, to a proud *Hidalgo* of your country. You are now in the tumult of trade,—the throng which you can hardly penetrate, and the number of carriages which perplex our progress, are all, more or less, concerned in it.”—
“Indeed,” said Don Cleofas, “if it were not for your assistance, I should be trodden under the feet of the one, and deafened by the clatter of the other.”

“If this bustling kind of walking,”—said the Demon, “is disagreeable to you, I have interest enough, I believe, to procure a coach for you in a moment.” “I humbly thank you,” answered Don Cleofas, “but the accident which that elegant equipage

equipage has this moment encountered, has rather put me out of conceit with the mode of conveyance you are so kind as to propose. Did you not see how that loaded cart tore the painted wheel from its axle-tree, and threatened the gilded carriage itself with destruction, not to mention the poor, affrighted gentleman within it?"

"He is a very eminent merchant," said the Devil upon Two Sticks, "who is going from his fine house at the fashionable end of the town, to his accompting-house in the city, and is threatening the carman most vehemently with a prosecution for an accident, which arose from the impertinence of his own coachman;—not chusing just now to remember, that to carts, and machines of a similar conveyance, he is, in some degree, indebted for the very coach whose fracas so violently enrages him. It is not, however, the expence of such an accident that affects him:—His petulance proceeds from the mortification

tion of being obliged to walk through those very streets where he himself and his forefathers have carried parcels under their arms, and some of them, perhaps,—burdens on their backs. As a merchant, he is person of most established credit,—as a man, he is proud, supercilious, and unfeeling. His father was a soap-boiler, of good character; but it is from his uncle, who bred him up, and to whose fortune, as well as business, he succeeded, that he derived his wealth; and by some connexions he made in marriage, his personal importance has been very unexpectedly augmented. He is now, indeed, a very great man,—talks of his landed property,—boasts of venison from his park,—game from his manors, and pines from his hot-house; and tells his city friends how glad he shall be to see them, when they come into the neighbourhood of St. James's.—Asks some of them to dine with him the following week, and gives them the choice of any day except four, when he is particularly engaged

engaged with a noble lord of his acquaintance, half a dozen Members of Parliament, and two or three other persons of great consequence in Administration, who have invited themselves to take a family dinner with him. But with all his wealth and consequence, he cannot alter the nature of things; and many good-humoured people will never cease to remember the dunghill that produced the gilded bug. His brother, alas! inherited the trade of their common father,—and is now a soap-boiler.

“ But what stupendous and magnificent structure is this, which we are now approaching,” exclaimed Don Cleofas,—“ It is the Cathedral of St. Paul, and the metropolitan church of *Great Britain*: except that of St Peter’s, at *Rome*, it is the finest church in the world. But as you will be able to examine its beauty and magnificence at another opportunity, and without my assistance, we will not interrupt the progress of the day, by stopping to con-

consider it. Besides, to tell you the truth, it is not in my department. The Demon of hypocrisy has the superintendence of all places of public worship, where he is fully employed: and if I am permitted to perch in any of them for a few minutes, it is solely by his permission, to direct the looks and ogles of young people, and to open the prayer-books of the unmarried women in that page which contains the marriage ceremony; so that, instead of listening to the voice of the preacher, 'preach he never so wisely,' they may make little interesting sermons for themselves, from the well-known text of 'encrease and multiply.'

"Observe, I beg of you," continued Asmodeus, "that spruce, well-dressed, highly powdered gentleman, in a green frock, who is crossing the way towards us. What a self-complacent smile sits upon his countenance, and with what caution he treads, lest he should spoil the japan of his shoes, or speck the snowy whiteness of his silk-stock-

stockings. He is the natural son of an eminent *Russia* merchant, and by profession an insurance-broker and underwriter of shipping; who, without five grains of real understanding, has won his way to wealth and professional consequence, by the practice of that universal good-humour and submissive disposition, that serves to flatter the vanity, or supply the lesser wants of superior situation. His natural and acquired connections raised him, by degrees, to a considerable portion of business; and having elevated himself, by an assiduous civility, from little better than the contempt, to the regard of a lady, the widow of an honest, but unsuccessful merchant; he succeeded her former husband, who had been his intimate friend, in the matrimonial possession of her. Her connections being very considerable, he immediately rose into mercantile importance, grew into wealth, got government contracts, engages for loans, has built an elegant villa on the banks of the Thames, and as he views
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the passing vessels, vaunts, with conscious pride, that at least a fourth part of all that sail beneath his view are insured by him. He considers himself in the first line of fashionable citizens, gives his name to every list of public benefactions, and apes all the luxurious fashions of elegant life. Having lost his wife, he soon got possession of another capital widow, and has taken a very handsome house in a principal street at the west end of the town. But wealth and good fortune beget an increase of ambition in weak minds,—and he now thinks that he ought to be a member of Parliament: but that advancement the mortifying circumstances of his birth have an unpleasant tendency to prevent.” “He may console himself, at least,” said Don Cleofas, “that he will leave a princely fortune behind him.” “That is,” observed the Demon, “by no means a certain dependence; for it frequently happens, in this city, that these money speculators who have begun the world with nothing, and, from fortuitous circumstances,

stances, have passed a number of intermediate years in all the luxury of wealth, quite life in much the same situation in which they began it.

“ That huge, heavy edifice,” said Asmodeus, as they passed along, “ is the Mansion-house of the chief magistrate of London. It is as inconvenient and tasteless within, as it is disgusting without. When a building of this nature was first proposed to be erected, many plans were presented by artists of great merit and character; but the wise corporation of this city, with a most judicious and liberal spirit of preference, determined, without hesitation, in favour of a design which was not only very much inferior to the rest, but, as you see, a disgrace to architecture itself, merely because it was produced by the wonderful genius *of one of their own body.*”

“ And what place, I pray you, is this which we are now entering,” said Don Cleofas,

Cleofas, "where there appears to be as crowded an assembly of people as is usually seen at our bull-feasts, in the great square, at *Madrid*." "This is the Royal Exchange," replied the Demon, "which may be called the throne of British commerce. Here the merchants assemble at a certain hour every day to arrange their respective business with each other, and to regulate, as it were, the trade of the world. The statues of the British Kings, which adorn this place, seem to look down with an air of complacence upon the grand support of the prosperity and power of the British crown.

"The statue in a niche between the colonnade, is of another kind:—It was erected by the merchants of *London*, in honour of one of themselves; who, as a citizen, a magistrate, and a representative in Parliament, had, with great zeal, ability, and success, defended the rights of trade, extended the limits of commerce, and supported the
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privileges of his fellow-citizens. This upright and venerable man, lived many years after this highly merited token of public regard was placed where you now see it, and remains a singular example of a statue, or inscription being raised to a living character, which (such is the uncertain tenure of popular favour) the very persons who commanded its erection, did not wish to pull down or efface before his death, the virtues of whose life it was intended to perpetuate.

“ But we shall be enabled to take a better view of this commercial croud,” said Asmodeus, “ and make our observations upon some of the individuals that compose it, with more ease, if we perch on one of the balconies above us.” In a moment Don Cleofas found himself looking down upon the mercantile assembly; and the Demon immediately directed his attention to a little man, in a grey coat, who was engaged in deep

deep conversation with an Armenian Merchant.

“ That person,” said he, “ is a Jew, who possesses one of the first places in the synagogue of this nation, and is a character of credit and confidence in the place where he now stands; both of which he deserves as little as the lowest pilferer of his tribe.— But he well knows the necessity of keeping a secret,—the divulging of which would undo him; and he will contrive to carry the credit that is built upon it to his grave.

You must know then, that, some years ago, he became a bankrupt, a misfortune which the most active, skilful, or conscientious trader, cannot always avoid; and he contrived to make his creditors and the world believe, that though his commerce had been unsuccessful, his conduct had been without reproach. He was, however, playing a deep, and dangerous, though it proved a fortunate game; for according to

the laws of this country, the bankrupt who conceals any part of his effects from his creditors, is liable to the severest penalties of them; and this very concealment he ventured to practise. When he appeared before the commissioners, to confirm the truth of the schedule he had delivered of his property by an oath, he took the watch from his pocket, and gave the cane from his hand, and swore that he had given up his all; and he swore most truly: but as it is usual to return to persons in his situation, their little personal trinkets, whatever they may be, the watch and cane were returned to him by the unsuspecting creditors, who could not possibly divine, that the hollow part of the latter contained bank-notes to the amount of several thousand pounds.— Thus he fulfilled the exterior obligations which the law required—was the pity of those very people whom he defrauded—got legally rid of all his debts, and remained in possession of a very considerable capital, which he drew forth in such a manner, as
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to evade all possibility of suspicion. The fruit of this fine stroke of knavery, is a state of prosperity, which integrity is not often known to attain.

“ The little man, with a long nose and a large rose to his hair, just beyond him, is one of the same nation; who affects great liberality of sentiment, disdains all partial preference, and declares himself the votary of universal benevolence. As a proof of this disposition of mind, he has lately presented a superb set of *New Testaments* to the chapel of a public hospital: but the donor's name, in large golden characters, on their splendid covers, proclaims the silly vanity that governed this eccentric act of generosity, and directs every action of his life. The person to whom the Jew appears to be making such repeated acknowledgments, is flattering him upon the subject of his Christian donation, with a view to an invitation to dinner, in which he has this moment succeeded; so that the vanity of

the one, and the appetite of the other, will be equally gratified.

“ The pleasant looking man, whom you see, in the same quarter, dressed in blue, who is shaking hands with every one around him, is another of the tribe of Judah; but a person of general estimation, as well as of great wealth.—He has lately subscribed, in a very generous manner, to the rebuilding the parish church of the village where he has a country-house. But this donation was not the offspring of pride or vanity, or any interested passion, but proceeded from that sublime sentiment that God is the Father of all, and that the sincere worship of every religion, promotes his glory, and tends to complete the wise design of his providence in creating the world.

“ The person immediately beneath us, in a round hat and boots, with a whip in his hand, is a merchant, who, by some bold and keen strokes in trade, has risen suddenly

suddenly into wealth. He is just going out of town, to an estate he has purchased at a few miles distance, where he is now building a very handsome villa. The first stone of this edifice was laid about three months ago; but, such is the uncertain state of human affairs, that before it can be glazed, the master of it will be in his coffin.

“ The man with whom he is engaged in conversation, is an architect; who, with some little genius, a great share of prudence, and the most persevering industry, has raised a very large fortune. He was bred a sculptor, and in that difficult profession, would never have risen above mediocrity; but when he was already advanced in life, it appeared to him that there was a most favourable opening for an enterprising architect in this country:—He, therefore, commenced that profession; and though he, at first, built some houses without staircases, and was guilty of similar blunders in

the erection of others, yet, by unremitting industry, and adopting a novelty of structure, he advanced himself into very great employment; and, by the force of his persevering genius, he will leave behind him some monuments of his architectural skill, that will preserve his professional name both from contempt and oblivion.

“ The little man who is pushing through the crowd, and has a nod, a smile, or a compliment for very one he passes, is an adventurous stock-broker. His head is full of nothing but fine houses, elegant equipages, and all the trappings of luxurious life:—For if the public funds remain at their present price till next Monday, and there is no apparent reason why they should fall, he will be sixty thousand pounds richer than he is at this moment: but, alas! he is on the verge of ruin.—A small party of bank directors are, at this moment, forming a scheme for the advantage of certain individuals, which will give
such

such an unexpected turn to the business, as will darken all his golden prospects; and, on casting up his accounts on Monday evening, he will find himself a debtor for twenty thousand pounds more than he has the means to pay. This sort of men compose the gamblers of commerce, who raise into sudden riches without respect, or sink into as sudden ruin without commiseration.

“The tall, elderly gentleman,” continued Asmodeus, “who stands at the left of the statue in the centre of the Exchange, and is, at this moment, enlivening himself with a pinch of snuff, is of a very different class. He is that truly respectable character, of which it must be acknowledged there are many in this great city, that ennobles commerce. Such is the nature of his concerns, and such his skill and integrity in conducting the course of them, that his private advantage may be truly considered as a public benefit.—

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By the commercial exertions of such men, the public wealth is augmented, general industry is rewarded, and growing manufactures encouraged; and they become, as it were, the chief springs of that grand commercial machine which dispenses, through all the channels of individual industry and ingenuity, so much benefit to general society, and tends so effectually to increase the national prosperity.

The British merchant sitting in his accounting-house, and arranging his concerns of his extensive commerce, is an object, whether we consider him in a political or philosophical view, of the first respect and consideration. At the moment that he commands the produce of the distant world to flow into his warehouses, he forwards the cultivation of his own country, sets the wheel of the British manufacturer in motion, holds forth the reward of industry to the active, and animates, by his encouraging liberality, the exertions of genius; while every wind that blows, serves

to quicken the progress of his numerous ships to some or other of their various destinations in the different quarters of the globe. How superior is such a man, in the eye of reason and of Heaven, to the Noble of a thousand years, who has received his hereditary possessions without a single effort of his own, and enjoys them, even in the most favourable description, under the influence of hereditary pride, elegant passion, or refined luxury!

“But what is that little man,” said Don Cleofas, “with his wig so finely powdered, who is now bustling through the crowd, with such apparent impatience?” He is a very busy, talkative tradesman,” replied Asmodeus, “who is hastening to a Coffee-house to get a glass of bitters, for the purpose of giving a very keen appetite, a more than common keenness, in order to do his duty at an elegant dinner, of which he is this day to partake. He is one of the common-council of this city, and has joined his brethren of the same ward with himself, in

paying their alderman, who is at this time Lord-Mayor, the compliment of inviting him to a public dinner given by themselves. These men are all tradesmen, who complain most bitterly of the scarcity of money, the weight of taxes, the progress of luxury, and the dulness of trade; and have, therefore, consulted a very wise œconomy in the proposed entertainment, by ordering it at so low a price as ten guineas a head."

"Pray explain to me," said Don Cleofas, "the business of a man whom I have observed in different parts of the Exchange, speaking to different people, and as continually noting something in his pocket-book, which he carries openly in his hand." "That is the printer of a newspaper," answered Asmodeus, "who continually frequents this place to collect articles of intelligence. He is now minuting one of a very curious nature, of which he has not knowledge sufficient to discover the object, and for which he bows as thankfully as if he

he could prove it to be true. It was communicated to him by an arch, little dry-falter, and affirms, that the reason of the King of *Prussia* having sent a large body of Wallachians into his duchy of *Lepßberg*, on the *Danube*, is on account of the Emperor having demanded of the King of *Poland*, part of the northern province of *Farthingmania*, with its harbour on the island of *Cyprus*, in the *Archipelago*. With this important intelligence he will hasten home, to give it immediately to the press; and if it were not for the person who corrects it for him, and who, on looking into the geographical dictionary for the right orthography of *Farthingmania*, will discover that there is no such place,—this curious paragraph would actually appear to enlighten the politics of to-morrow.

“The tall, thin man,” continued *Asmodeus*, “immediately beneath us, who is talking with so much earnestness to the little congregation around him, was lately a

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tradesman

tradesman of some eminence, whose house and warehouses, with all their contents, were, about a week ago, consumed by fire. He is relating the history of his misfortune with a degree of sensibility of which his audience has no idea.—The love of good-living, and a partiality to convivial enjoyments, having outrun his commercial profits, he found himself in such a state of embarrassment, that, in order to avoid the disgrace of bankruptcy, he determined to set his house on fire, and to avail himself of a policy of insurance, to receive much more than he had lost; by which means, with the assistance of his numerous friends, he hoped to begin the world again with every prospect of success, and the entire preservation of his public character:—He, therefore, contrived to set a barrel of oil in flames, in one of his warehouses, which, communicating very rapidly in the precise direction that he wished, soon left him without house or merchandize.—But as even honest men often fail of success, so the
rogue

rogue is sometimes the dupe of his own artifice. His son, though particularly directed by him to that effect, had neglected to renew the policy of insurance, so that the loss is all his own; and his only consolation arises from the reflection, that he cannot now be suspected of the heinous crime which he had committed: but this, as you may suppose, is not very great; for however he may tell the story of his misfortunes, he curses, in his heart, the fatal neglect, by which he has lost every thing in the world,—but his reputation!

“ A little beyond this honest, but unsuccessful tradesman, you must discover a person rather of a mean appearance, who holds a large golden-headed cane immediately under his chin, and is conversing with a man dressed in shabby black, and who has the air and look of a clergyman.—He is a Scotchman, and a merchant of great consideration; and is one of those men, a character not uncommon among his countrymen,

trymen, who, by an active and persevering industry, have risen from the lowest situation of menial service, to the highest rank of the mercantile profession. As there are some singular features in his history, which will unfold, in some degree, a very prevailing characteristic of the Scotch nation I shall amuse you with an hasty sketch of it.

“ Born of the lowest class in his own country, and seeing no prospect there of raising himself into any thing better, he determined to follow the example of thousands of his countrymen, in seeking a better fortune in the capital of *England*. For this purpose, he bid adieu to his native city, and set out on foot, with the hope of returning, if ever he should return, by the assistance of other legs than his own.— He had not yet reached the confines of *England*, when, being benighted on his way, he made that application to the hospitality of a gentleman, to whose house he had accidentally

cidentally wandered, which hospitality never fails to grant. Here he was received, and kindly entertained.—The situation of the place appeared a paradise to him; and learning that the master of it had been originally an adventurer of his own class, who became enabled, by his industry and good fortune, to return to the place of his nativity with the affluence which had purchased all the comforts he then enjoyed,—the idea inspired our northern pilgrim with new vigour and expectation, gave fresh strength to his limbs, and added many a mile to the journey of the day. The grand object which played on his fancy, solaced his weariness, and animated his hope, was, the charming retirement and comfortable enjoyments which he had just left behind him. Nor could there be a more cheering reflection to his bosom, than that it was within the reach of possibility for him to be one day possessed of similar blessings. ‘No pain,’ said he, ‘no labour, no inconvenience or danger should I think too much, if, by bearing

‘ bearing the one, or encountering the
‘ other, I could, at any period of my life,
‘ secure to myself such a situation of com-
‘ fort and independence, as that which I
‘ have so lately seen so well enjoyed ; and in
‘ which I would receive and encourage the
‘ adventurous traveller, as I myself have
‘ been received and encouraged.’ Such
was his ejaculation on entering *London*,
with his little bundle hanging upon a stick
across his shoulder, and one solitary half-
crown in his pocket.

“ A Scotchman,—and the proceeding
is a wise one,—though he may sometimes
make a venture, seldom puts every thing
to the risk; and our traveller had not set
out from home without procuring a letter
of recommendation to a countryman in
London. This sensible precaution soon pro-
cured him a situation in the service of an
eminent warehouseman, where he did any
thing, and every thing that was required of
him. By attending carefully to the busi-
ness

ness of his master, he acquired a perfect knowledge of it; and by employing his leisure hours in enquiring into the business of the neighbouring tradesmen, he obtained a knowledge of theirs; and by never spending an idle farthing, he, of course, accumulated his wages. At length, such was his industry, his integrity and his information, that, having risen from one degree of confidence to another, he was recommended by his master as a fit person to be entrusted with the care of a considerable cargo, which was to be sent as a venture to one of the British Colonies in *North America*. He made the first voyage with so much success, that he was requested to conduct a second.—He now not only considered the advantages of his principals, but paid some little attention to his own; and employed the money he had saved, which amounted to a considerable sum, in providing investments for himself. The second voyage was equally advantageous with the first; and a third was undertaken, which was
more

more fortunate even than the former. But being at length possessed of a handsome capital of his own, he was determined, in future, to act entirely for himself: and having laden a vessel with choice commodities of every kind, he arrived with his cargo at the destined port; where, from his frequent voyages, he was well known, and from his upright conduct, universally esteemed. There he opened his warehouses, and offered such a variety of useful articles for sale, as had never been seen in that country. He also entered upon a retail trade, which had never yet been practised there; a circumstance which, as it was attended with the greatest conveniences to the inhabitants, proved proportionably beneficial to him. In short, he was the first trader who cut a yard of cloth for sale in that part of the world.— This spirited commercial novelty, was productive of such universal benefit, as to attach the whole custom of the colony to him; and he took care to preserve it:—

so that, in a few years, he left *America* not only with a considerable fortune, but the general regard and confidence of the people among whom he lived, and returned to pass the rest of his days in his native country.

“At this period, the house and estate in Scotland, which has been described as stimulating his industry, and the idea whereof had never ceased to animate his endeavours, happened, from the death of its hospitable owner, to be upon sale. On the information of this very singular circumstance, our successful trader did not hesitate a moment for setting off for the North, and soon became the master of a place, where, some years before, his benighted steps had conducted him to ask a charitable reception. Here then we might suppose him to have attained the summit of human happiness, being in possession of that situation, to which his wishes had so long aspired,
red,

red, and enjoying the opulence, which would enable him to possess it in comfort and independence. But, however the novelty of ease and refreshment might amuse him for a time, a life of comparative idleness did not accord with the habits of his mind.—Since his first accidental visit to the place of his habitation, his ideas and notions had undergone a very considerable change; he had lived in a more genial and temperate climate;—the retirement of a village in Scotland, however beautiful, grew wearisome to him;—his children asked for establishments in life, and his friends in America, being in great want of a confidential agent in London, to conduct their commercial concerns in that city,—he sold his northern paradise,—returned eagerly to the metropolis, is become a very eminent American merchant, and lives in luxury and splendour. His country-house was purchased of a nobleman, who had lately built it, and whose title it still retains;—he has his park and his hot-houses,—he fees,

sees, in spring, the fruitage of summer on his walls, and is rolled in a coach and six from his accompting-house to his villa. While his son figures as a fine gentleman about town, and his daughters rival, in manners and accomplishments, the best education of the great world.

“ The stout young man who stands behind him, is one of his clerks, and is actually on the point of running away with one of the young ladies. This connexion will, in a short time, elevate him to a share in the trade of his father-in-law, the whole of which he will, by degrees, contrive to secure to himself; and, without the least compunction, will leave the old man, whose expensive mode of life has prevented the profits of his commerce from accumulating, to retire to a corner of his fine seat in the country; there to manage with a rigid and necessary œconomy, the leavings of his profusion.

“ The

“ The old gentleman to whom the merchant is now directing his discourse, is a Scotch Baronet, of a very ancient family, and a most singular character. An history of his adventures, or rather of his life, will not be unentertaining to you; but as the relation would at present occupy that time which may be much better employed, I shall reserve it for a more leisure hour. We will therefore change our situation:”—and, in a moment, Don Cleofas found himself seated with his companion, on the top of an house, which commanded an entire view of that eminent scene of action,—the Stock-Exchange.

“ Gracious Heaven !” exclaimed the Spaniard, “ what a confusion of voices issues from the room beneath us!—and what a croud of people is passing in and out of it.” “ Notwithstanding that busy multitude replied the Demon, “ appears to be acting the scene of Babel over again, every man has his brains involved in
figures

figures and calculation; every atom of human thought in that room is impregnated with the essence of arithmetic.—It is a place in which the greatest part of the fluctuating stock of the public funds is bought and sold.—It was built at the expence of a very ingenious body of men, called stock-brokers, for the purpose of carrying on their business without being liable to any interruption, but such as proceeds from one another,—and is the scene of a more deep and artful species of gambling, than has ever been practised at any time or period, in any part of the world. I shall not enter into an history of this business, as you may find frequent and much better opportunities hereafter, of informing yourself concerning this important excrecence of British wealth and credit.— Besides, to tell you the truth, there is a particular spirit who presides over this extraordinary commerce, and he might be offended, should he even see me in my present position. I shall, therefore, content myself with

with pointing out to you a few of those characters who offer themselves to our immediate view, and are very industrious agents in this active and curious scene of public, desperate, and, as it may be properly termed, legitimate gambling.

“ The little man below us, in a brown coat, and with a wig of the same colour as his coat, who is placing his spectacles upon the very long nose that nature has given him, to examine a paper he holds in his hand, has been a broker and stock-jobber for upwards of thirty years.—At length, finding himself possessed of about fifty thousand pounds, he is determined to quit the business, and to retire into the country to pass the rest of his days in peace and tranquility. But so violent, and so continual have been the agitations of his mind, with the alternate hope of being rich, and the fear of being poor, that they have brought on a nervous disorder, which will never quit him; and his hand now
shakes

shakes in such a manner, that he is scarce able to lift a glass of Madeira, the liquor he loves best, to his lips.

The tall, thin, smart looking man, who passes so hastily by him, has his agitations also;—his hand, indeed, is steady enough, but his fortune totters.—He is a merchant of very fair character, who, not being contented to rise to opulence by the slow, but certain course of regular commerce, has been induced to speculate in the funds. In the commencement of the business, he proved extremely fortunate, but his succeeding ventures have been so very unsuccessful, as to dissipate his former gains, and to involve him in difficulties of a very alarming nature. He is now preparing to engage in a scheme of speculation, by which he hopes to retrieve, at least, if not meliorate, his former situation: but Fortune will frustrate his designs,—disappoint his expectations,—and sink him into irrecoverable ruin.—All his former comforts will

melt away,—his property be seized by angry creditors; and his only hope will rest at last, upon succeeding to an employment in the gift of the Corporation of *London*, which will be just sufficient, should he obtain it, to give him and his family the common necessaries of life.

“Those two men who are whispering together,” continued Asmodeus, “are engaged in a business that requires the utmost secrecy, and is one of the many species of knavery which are practised in the place beneath us.—They have entered into a secret partnership, the one to buy and the other to sell very large quantities of stock, at a fixed price, on a certain future day; and they cannot fail of making a very large sum of money, without any risque whatever, but the loss of reputation to one of them. For the successful man, of course, stands his ground, and receives all the advantage of his bargains; while the other will stop payment, or rather he will pay nothing. They

They will then have a private meeting, and share the profits.

“The man with his cane under his arm, who is writing upon a large pocket-book, in the street, is a disgraced broker, who has made his fortune by a little arrangement of a similar nature. He had been commissioned by a trio of merchants, one of whom was a member of Parliament, to buy a very large quantity of stock, at a given price and time; when, however, the day of reckoning came, his employers, who were likely to lose thirty or forty thousand pounds by the business, persuaded him to conceal their names, take the whole loss upon himself, and pay nobody; for which undertaking, they made him a present of five thousand pounds. The affair, indeed, discharged him from appearing again on the Stock Exchange;—but by the intervention of a pettifogger of the trade, he carries on his usual concerns, and, as you may suppose, is employed, protected and enriched, by

those excellent persons, whose reputation is in his power."

"There is nothing, as you very well know, my good friend," said Don Cleofas, "of which I am so ignorant as, what is called, trade: nevertheless, from the common notions that one entertains of it, I do not, at all, comprehend a man's having the liberty of paying his debts or not, as he pleases, without being liable to the legal revenge of his creditors."

"The species of commerce which we are now considering," answered the Demon, "as I have before observed, is nothing more or less, than a game of chance; and all gaming being against law, no man can be obliged by law, to fulfil his engagements in it.—The losses proceeding from cards and dice, are not recoverable by legal process; and if a loser at their respective games, chooses to be considered as devoid of honour, and to abide by the disagreeable circumstances, to say no worse, of being
regard-

regarded with coolness by his acquaintance, he may keep the money he has lost in his pocket. It is the same with stock-jobbing; the whole of that business proceeds on a principle of honour; and if any one should prefer the disgrace of the Stock Exchange, to the ruin of his fortune, the alternative is at his own mercy.

“But now permit me,” continued Afmodeus, “to recommend to your attention a little figure of a man, who is bustling through the crowd in a travelling dress, and looks as if he were in a fever from the fatigue of riding post. He is just arrived express from *Holland*, with an account of a very alarming disturbance there, which, as it may operate in lowering the price of Stocks, for a few days, he has been dispatched to give notice of it to particular persons, that they may take advantage of the probable effect such a piece of intelligence, when publicly known, may have on the market.—But it frequently happens

that false expreffes are fent, and particular news fabricated, by every fpecies of artifice, both at home and abroad, for the various purpofes of raifing or finking the price of the funds, according as particular perfons are interefted in having them lowered or advanced. Succefs, in this kind of gambling, depends upon a knowledge of circumftances, which it is very difficult for private individuals to attain; for this bufinefs of conjecture is of a very uncertain nature; and, as in other games of chance, hangs upon what is called good or ill fortune. Minifters, however, who muft, of courfe, poffefs all the fecrets of government, have been frequently accufed of employing their knowledge to a very great advantage in this fpecies of commerce. There is a man now living, whom I will, in a few days, difcover to you, in the fecret receffes of his cabinet, who availed himfelf of a very fhort lived ftate of power, to pay his debts, make confiderable purchafes, and enrich a few of his friends, by applying his
fecret

secret knowledge of particular political situations, to the certain gain of the funds.— But while he went upon grounds that could scarce fail, numbers of general speculators were undone; and if a certain body of men, who belong to that great edifice just beside us, called the Bank of England, had not made a very irregular use of their power, so deep a game was played on the occasion, as to have involved in ruin some of the most considerable merchants and bankers in the city of *London*.

“ And now,” said the Demon, “ we will remove to the second act of the same farce;” and he had no sooner spoke, than Don Cleofas found himself on the leads of an house that over-looked a principal part of ‘Change Alley. “ In that coffee house immediately beneath us,” said Asmodeus, “ many persons whom you saw so lately and so deeply engaged in the busy scene of stock-jobbing, retire to talk over their bargains, consult with their principals, and

I 4

form

form new schemes and calculations for the morrow.

“ That gentleman in the corner, who is taking his coffee with so much apparent complacency, is in a condition to swallow poison; and he is now hesitating on the alternative, whether the next liquor that touches his lips, shall be to sustain or destroy life. He was a most respectable country gentleman, of large fortune and the best character; as a provincial magistrate he was unrivalled, and represented his county in Parliament. Having placed a younger son in a banking-house, in the city, he was persuaded, in order to strengthen its credit, to become a partner; and it was already rising into eminence, when, to shield his son from the consequences of some imprudencies, that might have had a very bad effect on the united credit of their house, he entered into engagements that encreased his embarrassments; and he then applied to the desperate game of stock-jobbing

bing to retrieve his affairs, before the secret of his former transactions should be revealed. To-morrow is the day of settlement, and he foresees that nothing can save him from ruin and disgrace. A faithful friend has already prepared a vessel to take him to the Continent; where he will pass the rest of his days, on a small annuity allowed him by some of his intimate connections, and in the vain endeavour to forget his former prosperity.

“ The tall man who sits in the next box to him, and has just put some sugar into his ink-stand instead of his chocolate, and, from whose apparent embarrassment, one would imagine to be suffering the severest frowns of fortune, is, at this moment one of her greatest favourites. He has been so lucky as to gain a very large sum of money: and, in the agitations of his mind, from reflecting on the risque he has run, and the danger he has escaped, he wears all the appearance of a person who

has actually lost it. He is, however, one of those prudent men, who have had their moments of imprudence, but sees the folly of staking his property and happiness on such an hazard; and will use his augmented fortune with that good sense and moderation, which are the best proofs that he deserves it."

"But in the apartment above the coffee-room," said Don Cleofas, "I behold a scene of a very different nature. The person whom I see haranguing from a kind of pulpit, is, I suppose, a very eloquent preacher, whom the wisdom of government has appointed to exert his talents, to check the propensities of his hearers to this alluring vice of gambling, in the vicinity of that spot where they are so continually indulged."—"Ah, my good friend," replied the Demon, and smiling a little at the same time, "that man is an innocent minister, to the very folly against which you suppose his declamation to be directed. He

He is an Auctioneer of the first character, and is almost universally employed to sell, in this public manner, the estates, &c. which luxury, folly, caprice, and death, transfer from one possessor to another. The quantity of landed property and other articles of value, which pass through his hands in the course of a year, is beyond your conception; and his profits, as you may suppose, bear an adequate proportion.

He was originally a petty household broker, salesman, and undertaker; he furnished the living with little second-hand articles, and the dead with that last of all conveniencies, called a coffin; while his wife made the shrouds that were to be their last apparel. But by persevering industry, an acute turn of mind, and obliging manners, he is risen, by degrees, to be the first of his profession, and exercises it in a manner that does equal honour to himself, and justice to his employers. He has now amassed a very large fortune, and enjoys it in a becoming manner. He has

I 6

been

been elected one of the magistrates of this city, the duties of which he fulfils with spirit and diligence; and he looks forward, with a natural expectation, to succeed, in his turn, to the government of it. But disease threatens to cloud his future prospects; and decrepitude, I fear, will accompany the close of his prosperous life:—for such is the life of a man considered, in this climate of profit and loss, if he does but acquire wealth, though he should lose his health, spirits, and, I may almost add, his honour in the acquisition of it.

In the course of the present sale, he has disposed of several expensive articles. The first was the beautiful villa of a nobleman, who had become tired of it, because he had made it so compleat, as to leave no room for the pastime of improvement. The second, was an old family seat and park, with a large adjacent estate, to pay the gambling debts of its owner, who has not yet advanced to his thirtieth year. The third is the

the reversionary right of a large sum in the funds, after the death of three persons, who have each a life-interest in it; a circumstance of so affecting a nature to the final inheritor, that he cannot suffer his sensibility to be on the rack with such an unfriendly expectation. He, poor amiable man! loves them all too well to wish their death; and, therefore, for an inconsiderable immediate sum, has transferred the right of wishing it, to a little Jew, who will not fail to exercise it with the most sincere and daily devotion.—The lot which is now waiting the decisive stroke of the hammer, is a superb suit of jewels, belonging to a naval officer; who, having made a considerable fortune amid the thunders of war, has contrived to dissipate the greatest part of it amid the pleasures of peace: and he is now actually obliged to have recourse to the brilliant paraphernalia of his wife, in order to support the display of a fine carriage, and the establishment of an elegant house during another winter.

The

“ The person who has purchased the jewels is a very opulent citizen. He was originally a poor west country-boy, that came to *London* in a very menial capacity; and won his way, by diligence and acuteness, to be a clerk in a merchant's accounting-house, in this city. At this period, a relation of his, and of as low origin as himself, proved to be heir of all the riches which an extortionate miser had left behind him. This man, not knowing how to manage the immense fortune to which he had succeeded, employed his young relation in that business, and, as it is supposed, rewarded him in a most bountiful manner indeed for the care and attention he exercised in his affairs; for he grew suddenly into great wealth, has long been a citizen of consequence, holds himself forth as a popular character, and can very well afford to give a couple of thousand pounds for a casket of diamonds, to adorn the person of his most amiable wife.

“ But

“ But although,” observed Asmodeus, “ I have no need of substantial food, your mortal Lordship requires a little solid sustenance; and I will instantly conduct you to the most superb tavern in *Europe*, where your palate shall be regaled in as high a degree by a cook, as your curiosity has been gratified by a devil.” Don Cleofas most readily assented to the proposition; and, having quitted their advanced situation, they proceeded, like any other gentlemen, to the London Tavern; the extent and elegance of whose apartments, with the various preparations and conveniencies for the good things of the table, did not fail to call forth the utmost astonishment of the noble *Spaniard*. “ The very rent of the house,” said the Demon, “ would afford a splendid establishment to a Spanish general, and all his family; while the money consumed in it, would maintain the whole army in the service of your sovereign. At this very moment there are several different companies assembled in its various apartments,

ments, to gratify their palates, from two to five guineas a-head.

“How immense,” exclaimed the Count, “must be the riches of this nation!”—“Their wealth,” answered the Demon, “is superior to your most elevated ideas of it; and if any thing can undo them, it will be that very wealth which is such a natural object of your wonder. For such is their bravery, naval genius, commercial spirit, and public credit, that they alone might almost resist the united world. The enemy from without, need not be an object of their apprehension.—The combined fleets of the most powerful nations of Europe, would not affect the mind of a discerning British politician with so much real alarm, as this very edifice which now receives us; or, in other words, that spirit of luxury, which could justify its erection, and support it in prosperity.—Luxury, by weakening the principles and enervating the character of
this

this magnanimous people, may, perhaps, in time, destroy the vigour of the first nation in the world."

Dinner being served, they placed themselves at the table:—the Demon having taken upon him an human appetite, with an human form, they did justice to the exquisite repast which was set before them: and having invigorated their spirits with a few glasses of generous wine, and aided digestion with a dish of coffee, the Count suggested to his companion that the hour of leisure now offered itself, which he engaged to amuse, by relating the curious history of the Scotch Baronet, whom they had seen on the Royal Exchange. The Demon did not hesitate to fulfil his promise, and instantly began his narrative, as follows:

The

The History of a SCOTCH BARONET.

“ Sir ————— was born in *Scotland*, about the year 1716, and received the best education of his country. By the death of his father he came, at about the age of twenty-four, into the possession of an estate, which afforded him the full power of indulging a disposition which was amorous to an extreme. The same disposition, at the age of twenty-seven, led him to *Italy*, where he passed several years in the most luxurious indulgence of his predominant passion. Having suffered his pleasures to take the lead of every other consideration, he had forestalled the course of his remittances so such a degree, that it was absolutely necessary for him to seek a temporary retirement, till the ordinary current of his supplies should be restored.

“ For

“ For this purpose he took a formal leave of his friends of every denomination, and sought the retirement of a farm-house, at the foot of the *Appenine* mountains, at no great distance from the city of *Naples*; where, by leading a life of solitude and reflection, his mind, which was naturally ardent and enthusiast, became disposed to receive any impresson that external circumstances might offer to it.

“ In this situation, having read the few volumes he had taken to his retreat with him, again and again,—he accidentally asked his rustic host if he had any book, of any kind whatever, in his possession? The countryman replied, that ‘ he had
‘ no other books but such as assisted him
‘ at the services of the church, except
‘ a small number of volumes that he had
‘ found piled up in the corner of an
‘ unoccupied room, when he came to
‘ the farm; and which, as they were
‘ written in a language he did not under-
‘ stand,

‘ stand, he had left as he found them; so
‘ that, he apprehended, they would not be
‘ in a condition to afford his guest any
‘ amusement or information.”

“ The Baronet, who thought that he might find an *Homer*, a *Virgil*, or a *Livy*, among them, was impatient to enter on the research; and in an uninhabited chamber, at a deserted corner of the house, which had once been a stately tower, he found the covers of several volumes, whose interior parts had been destroyed by the vermin of that quarter. He however continued to examine every part of this long forsaken spot; till, under an heap of rubbish, he discovered a book that appeared to be entire; and his surprize became inexpressible, when, on opening the covers, he found it to be an English Bible, not one page of which was defiled by the damps of the place, or had been touched by the vermin, who had destroyed the rest of this little library.

“ Sir

“ Sir ———’s education, which had been rather of a religious cast, had rooted in his mind a veneration for the sacred volume, which the continual dissipations of his past life had not been able to eradicate ; so that the circumstance of recovering a copy of it, in his own language, in such a place, and in such an extraordinary manner, produced a firm persuasion in his mind, that the sacred character of the volume was the indubitable cause of its miraculous preservation. This idea, at first played upon his fancy, and, at length, inflamed it; so that by continually ruminating on the strange event of an English Bible being found in the corner of an old mansion, inhabited by a farmer at the foot of the *Appenine* mountains, his imagination was quickly elevated to higher conjectures; which ended in a firm belief that, for some gracious purpose of Providence to himself, the intervention of a præternatural agency had been permitted, and
that

that an actual miracle had given this bible into his possession.

“ Under these impressions, as might be naturally expected, he began not only to read, but to study the inspired pages with the most ardent attention;—when, after many reiterated perusals, he fixed the standard of his enthusiasm on the revelations of St. John; from whose prophetic visions, his heated imagination acquired that ardour of devotion, which has governed every succeeding period of his life.

“ *Where shall we find faith upon the Earth?*—was an enquiry which he was determined to pursue at the risque of every comfort of life, and, if necessary, of life itself;—and, with this exclamation for his motto, he sallied forth from his retirement, with all the devotion, zeal and undaunted spirit of enterprize, which distinguished the ancient champions of the cross.

“ Though a good classical scholar, he was unacquainted with those tongues which were essentially necessary to his abode in *Palestine*, a country which he was determined to visit, with all the humility of a pilgrim, and the resolution of a martyr.— With the knowledge he already possessed, and the enthusiasm that now enflamed his mind, a short residence in one of the islands of the Archipelago, was sufficient to give him fluency in the modern Greek. But this was not all:—He thought it essential to his future purpose, to acquire an equal proficiency in the Oriental tongues; and, for this end, he paid a visit to the island of *Malta*, where he found every opportunity of making the progress he desired. Here he intended to take up his abode, till his ardent zeal had acquired the only qualifications that now remained to fit him for his eastern expedition:—But here his pilgrimage concluded:—For, in this little spot, sacred to the remaining church

church militant heroism of Christian knight-hood, he found, as he thought, that *faith*, which was the grand object of his enthusiastic research; and, having found it, he made a solemn vow to live in its presence, and continue the worship of it, till he should have attained that degree of religious strength, and that state of human perfection, which would enable him to retire from its influence, without any possible danger from the contamination of the world.

In order, therefore, that he might be untroubled with all worldly concerns, and pursue the ardent career of his devotions without any interruption, he gave orders to his agents in *Scotland*, to prepare a general conveyance of all his estates to his younger brother, with a reservation to himself of a certain income, during his life, for his own personal maintenance, and the calls of charity.—He ordered this business to be completed with all possible dispatch;
and

and that his steward should, himself, bring the deeds to *Malta*, that there might be no delay in the completion of his enthusiastic design, and no want of form in the execution of this extraordinary grant.

“ Being thus unshackled from the concerns of the world, he yielded himself a willing slave to the servitude of devotion: not only observing every, the most minute, rite of the religion he had embraced, but performing every act of charity, humiliation and penitence, that his pious zeal suggested to be necessary to that perfection and holy triumph which he humbly hoped that he should one day attain.

His raiment was mean, and his food of the coarsest kind, of which he took no more than was just sufficient to sustain life. His purse was open to the relief of every kind of distress; and as an initiation to the higher duties of Christian charity, he began

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with the lowest; and during the course of seven years, he daily attended the public hospitals, and assisted the servants in performing the most menial offices for the maimed, the infirm and the sick.

“That a man of his rank and fortune, who had become such a zealous convert to the Roman religion, should be held in the highest estimation by the bigotry of the Maltese champions, is a natural consequence. The Grand Master paid Sir—— every mark of respect in his power, and offered all the honourable distinctions which he possessed the privilege of bestowing. But the Catholic Baronet humbly retreated from all favour or precedence, and continued to win his way, by slow degrees, and in all possible humility, to that spiritual elevation to which his soul so ardently aspired.

“With the religion of *Malta*, he acquired all the fanaticism of its inhabitants:

One

One time he thought himself possessed by the Devil; at another, he fancied himself blessed with seraphic visions; and, during his solitary musings in the well-known caverns of the island, which he used to make the frequent scene of his pious meditations, he has often been charmed with the fancied voice of a tender mother, who, while he was yet a boy, had been consigned to her last repose in the sepulchre of her fathers.

“This kind of life he continued to lead for near thirty years; when, after a series of continual and painful struggles, believing himself to have attained that state of perfection to which he aspired, he quitted the island of *Malta*; and, after passing some time in *Spain* and *France*, he at length retired to a town on the nethermost part of the Continent; where, careless of exterior appearance, and inattentive to the concerns of the world, he hoped to pass his whole time in offices of devotion, and the

K 2

pleasures

pleasures of sublime contemplation; patiently waiting to exchange his sublunary state for that perfect and eternal happiness which he believes to be already prepared for him.

“ But though Sir—— —— had found faith, he could not yet find peace upon the earth. A woman, who was the daughter of a kind of upper-servant to his father, had been so far the object of his youthful passion, as to have had a child by her young master, for which, as well as herself, he provided at the time, in a manner sufficient to give a befitting subsistence to them both, without concerning himself any farther about either.—The child grew up to manhood, was entered into the sea-service, and had even paid a visit to his father at *Malta*; where, indeed, he received no other encouragement but the expences of his voyage, and a request to depart immediately from the island.

“ When,

“ When, however, the Baronet approached so near to his own country as the opposite coast, the woman herself began to have her projects: ambition fired her mind, and she paid her former lover a very unwelcome visit at his retreat in a town in the *Austrian Netherlands*; when she set to work on the pious weakness of his mind, and urged it as a necessary act to his perfection, and her happiness, that he should now perform the only act of retribution that remained in his power, for his original seduction of her,—which was to make her his wife.—In short, on her engaging to quit him as soon as the ceremony was over, he consented to comply with her request;—and she returned to Scotland not only an honest woman, but a lady into the bargain.

“ It had been the frequent boast of this pious Knight, that he had struggled with the Devil for upwards of twenty years, and had at length gained a compleat victory

over the arch-enemy of human nature. But he had now every reason to think, that his conquered antagonist, having got him again into the world, was beginning to rally in a new form, and that his mortal warfare was not yet completed: For this marriage, according to the laws of *Scotland*, not only legalized the mother, but legitimated the son; who, on that account, began to talk aloud of making some claim upon the property which his father had conveyed away to the then natural successor to it. But the actual, and indeed legal possessor of these estates, though they had been doubled in their value since they were transferred to his possession, was so mortified and enraged at finding himself so suddenly, as well as unaccountably deprived of his succession to the family honours,—that he refused, with extreme indignation, to allow his very unexpected nephew any, the most trifling means of support. Indeed, Sir ——— began to entertain some apprehensions, that he should

should be forced to apply compulsory means to secure the payment of the annuity that he had reserved to himself. In short, he had still knowledge enough of the world left to discover, that if he wished to have another hour of tranquillity, he must make an extraordinary effort to secure it; and he is accordingly come over to *England*, after an absence of forty years, to try if he cannot bring his brother to act with justice to all parties. In this business it is the interest of the latter to acquiesce; and, having long been in the habit of pursuing his interest, he will not, on this occasion, act in opposition to it. This agreeable information was communicated to the old Baronet this very morning by the Scotch merchant with whom we saw him conversing on the Royal Exchange. In a few days, therefore, Sir ——— will return to the continent, with increased consolation; and will there close his eyes in the full assurance of the glorious promises of that religion to whose service he has devoted so large a portion of his life."

No

No sooner had the Devil upon Two Sticks concluded this curious history, than their ears were saluted with the repeated huzzas and acclamations of the company over them; which occasioning some degree of terror, as well as surprise, in the mind of the Count, he demanded, with a look and tone of much impatience, the cause of what he had heard. "Be not alarmed," replied his companion, "the shouts, however they may affect you, are those of joy and festivity, and proceed from a grave body of the magistrates and common-council of *London*, who are now giving a very sumptuous entertainment to a great naval officer, as public mark of their gratitude for the services he performed for his country during the late war; and as they drink the healths of certain popular characters, they accompany their libations with the complimentary acclamations that have saluted our ears, and which are sufficiently loud to occasion the Admiral, however accustomed

customed he may have been to the roar of cannon, a most violent head-ach.

“ This is the same valiant commander whom I yesterday shewed you in the Park, and who, within these three years, could not have obtained credit for a guinea of any one member of the corporation which is now so highly honoured with his presence. You might imagine, perhaps,” continued Asmodeus, “ that a sword enriched with diamonds, or a massive service of plate, would, either of them, have been a more becoming compliment to a virtuous commander, than a splendid banquet, of which he has not the appetite to partake. But the considerate body of men who have voted this honour, being all engaged in trade, did not chuse to meddle with warlike weapons; and, as to the plate, they wisely reflected, that they should never be invited to partake of the good things that might be served upon it:—They, therefore, determined to give the Admiral a
luxurious

luxurious dinner; which, though it only affords an empty meal to his vanity, administers a solid comfort to their gormandizing stomachs.

“To say the truth, among the vices of this country may be reckoned a too great love of the table; or, in the common phrase, of eating and drinking; and the Demon who presides over this department, boasts of its superior power. It not only pervades the scenes of pleasure, but the most serious business of society. Public charities are sustained by feasts,—private transactions lose their difficulty of arrangement amid the pleasures of the table:—The administration of justice must be accompanied with a regale; and the poor of almost every parish in the kingdom would be starved, if a good dinner did not crown the labours of those who are appointed to superintend such an important service.—In the room adjoining,—the kitchen and cellar of this tavern have, by their united powers,

powers, just settled a complicated dispute in the course of an afternoon, which nine years expensive struggle in the courts of law and equity had not been able to conclude. Bacchus and Ceres have so much influence in this country, that Venus herself is sometimes made subservient to them."

"But, by the account you have given of the business," observed Don Cleofas, "this same eating and drinking seems to be productive of much real good." "The remark is rather shrewd," answered Asmodeus; "but my observations were not of a tendency to prove that eating and drinking did not sometimes produce good; but that good should not be made to depend upon eating and drinking."

"However, I must now," continued Asmodeus, "request your permission to conduct you to your hotel. A very particular commission, of which I will relate
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the result to-morrow morning, compels me to absent myself from you till that time:—We can take another opportunity to peep into the nocturnal scenes of this part of the city.” The bill was immediately ordered, and paid; the amount of which, the Count could not help observing, was equal to the support of a very genteel family at *Madrid* for a week;—and the Demon, with his usual celerity, bore away Don Cleofas to his apartment at the other end of the town.

END OF VOL. I.

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